

# Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

COUPON.

Thursday,  
SEPT. 21st,  
1905.



"DAILY MIRROR" DAY  
**ADMIT ONE**  
To the CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Cut this out and present it  
at any of the Palace turnstiles.  
GOOD THIS DAY ONLY.

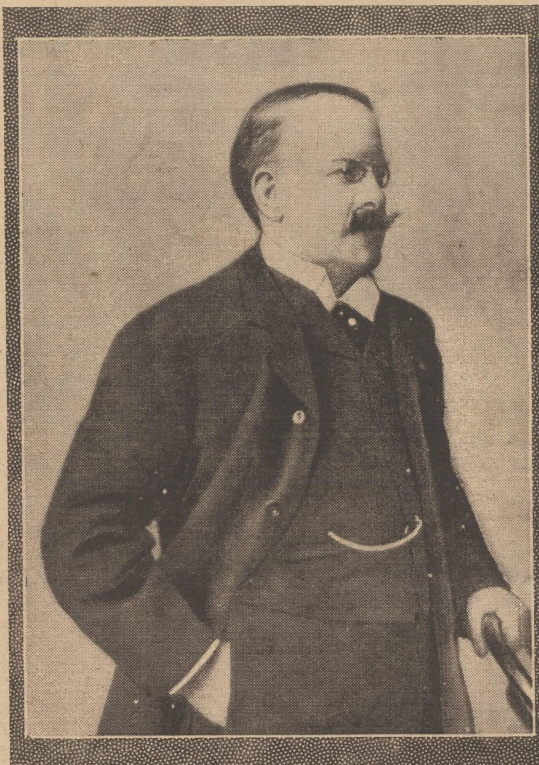
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as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## DEATH OF DR. BARNARDO, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.



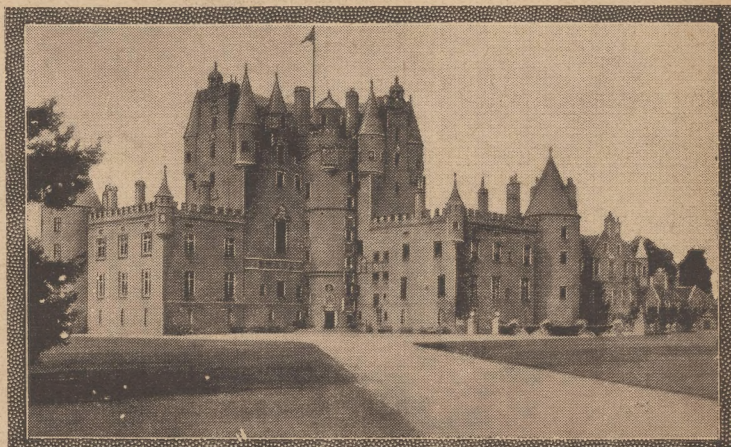
Throughout the whole of the British Empire men, women, and children will grieve to hear of the sudden death of Dr. Barnardo, the founder of the most philanthropic institution in the world—the "Barnardo Homes for Destitute Children." He has taken 50,000 children from the streets and made them good citizens. The photograph in the centre is of Dr. Barnardo, and upon each side are pictures of waifs before and after they came into his charge.—(Stepney Causeway Studio.)

## LORD GLAMIS, THE HEIR.



At the festivities to-morrow local tradition says that the Earl will take the young Lord Glamis aside and confide to his keeping the secret of the locked chamber.—(Thomson.)

## THE MYSTERIOUS CASTLE OF GLAMIS.



Glamis Castle, Forfar, the home of the Earl of Strathmore, where the coming-of-age of Lord Glamis, the Earl's son, will be celebrated to-morrow. According to an old legend, there is a mystery attached to one of the rooms which is known only to the Earl and his land-steward, but is told to the eldest son on his twenty-first birthday.—(Craigie-Halkett.)



LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.



## EMPIRE UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

Tsar Contemplates a Drastic  
and Momentous Measure.

### RULE OF IRON.

Sedition and Anarchy To Be Met  
with Stern Repression.

The Tsar and his advisers, thoroughly alarmed by the fearful revolt in the Caucasus, the disturbed state of Poland, and the sullen discontent and smouldering anarchy that is widespread through the whole of the Russian Empire, are evidently on the eve of a drastic policy, with a view to asserting the authority of the law and throttling the elements of disorder.

This idea is embodied in an extraordinary statement made by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal." He states:

"In order to repress the disturbances that agitate the Empire a general mobilisation has, it is reported, been decided upon. The Governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow alone will furnish 50,000 reservists. It is asserted that the whole Empire will be placed under martial law. This decision, it is said, has been reached since the recent disorders in the Caucasus, and it will be made public very shortly.

#### GLOOomy OUTLOOK.

Everywhere the outlook is as gloomy as it can be. Officials go about openly afraid of their lives. The people seem to be always in fear lest the troops should fall upon them and butcher them in cold blood.

The gravity of the situation in the Caucasus is increasing, so much so that the viceroy has decided to leave Kislovodsk for Tiflis, and throughout the mining districts revolutionaries are industriously sowing the seeds of sedition.

From Riga comes the news that two political prisoners, who had acted as ringleaders there, were rescued from the Central Prison. The rescuers killed two warders and one policeman, and several policemen were wounded. Two of the party were arrested.

#### RETURN OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

Negotiations are rapidly proceeding (says the Central News) with a view to the speedy transportation of the Russian prisoners from Japan.

Many well-known steamship lines have approached the Russian Government offering their services, and although nothing definite has been decided upon, private advices received yesterday from Odessa indicate that the North German Lloyd line will certainly receive a share of the contract.

Several British companies have also placed tenders, but, so far, without result.

#### DATE OF RATIFICATION.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Journal's" Tokio correspondent says that the Treaty of Portsmouth will be formally ratified on October 7.—Reuter.

#### ENGLISH-BUILT FLEET FOR RUSSIA.

There is a strong rumour that most of the orders for the new fleet that Russia proposes to build will be placed with British firms.

Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, called at the Foreign Office yesterday, although the usual diplomatic receptions have not, of course, been renewed.

#### RUSSIA'S NEW PROBLEM.

How Will She Save Her Millions from the  
Famine Due to Crop Failures?

Complete failure of the crops in nine governments—Saratov, Riazan, Voronezh, Tula, Viatka, Penza, Tambov, Orel, Samara, and partial failure in two, Vitebsk and Kazan—brings Russia face to face with a fresh problem, that of feeding twenty-three millions of people for the next ten months. Such is the verdict (says the "Pall Mall Gazette" Warsaw correspondent) of the recently-appointed Famine Commissioners.

Their report is gloomy enough. According to them, the crops have failed in 138 districts, thereby threatening over eighteen and a half millions of human beings with total, and over four and a half millions with partial, famine.

#### COLOMBIAN CONSUL'S DENIAL.

The Consul-General for Colombia in London has officially stated that there is no foundation whatever for a report of disturbances in the Republic.—Reuter.

## DR. BARNARDO, WAIFS' FRIEND, DEAD.

Philanthropist Who Made 55,000 Orphan Children Useful  
Citizens of the Empire.

Dr. Barnardo, the self-appointed father of a family of 55,000 waifs and strays, is dead.

For close on forty years he devoted himself to rescue work, which entitles his name to be enrolled among those of the greatest philanthropists and national benefactors of our time.

How that work began and developed is a story probably more familiar than the history of any other philanthropic movement, for Dr. Barnardo took care that it should be so. He was the most energetic of pamphleteers, and showered his booklets upon the households of the country appealing for support.

Canon Webb-Peploe paid a witty tribute not long ago to this characteristic of Dr. Barnardo, when he called him "the most successful individual beggar in the whole world."

Since 1866, when he began his work, Dr. Barnardo succeeded in raising nearly £3,000,000.

#### FIRST ORPHAN BEFRIENDED.

With Dr. Barnardo's name must always be associated that of Jim Jarvis, for Jim was the first of the family of orphans of the streets which has grown year by year from 1866 until the total has now reached 55,000.

In that year, 1866, Dr. Barnardo was a medical student at the London Hospital, and in the evenings taught at a ragged school. Those who knew Thomas Barnardo then describe him as a sturdy, thick-set young man with a vast fund of enthusiasm for fighting the woes and wickednesses of the world.

Into the ragged school Jim Jarvis crept one winter night to seek shelter from the piercing east wind. "Got no home, no father, no friends, and don't live nowhere," he announced, when young Barnardo questioned him. There were hundreds more in the same plight, he confided, and the young man's large heart—"as large as 'Idle Park,'" one of his urgings once said in later years—was so deeply touched at the thought that he went out into the night with Jim to see for himself.

#### SYMPATHY OF EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The lad's statement was only too true. Just off Houndsditch Barnardo discovered curled up in barrels or sheltering behind boxes eleven other wretched boys.

From that night the medical student's mind was made up. He would devote himself to the cause of these homeless children.

Meeting the Earl of Shaftesbury at dinner and recounting his experiences among these waifs, he so roused the interest of the party that they all rose

from the dinner-table to drive to Billingsgate, where they found nearly 100 homeless bairns.

The Earl of Shaftesbury became thenceforward one of Dr. Barnardo's most active supporters, and helped largely to found the vast institution which exists to-day.

How vast that institution is may be gathered from the fact that nearly £150 a day is required to supply the necessary food alone.

The first year's income was £140, and the first subscriber a servant girl, who sent sixpence three-farthings in twenty-seven farthings. Last year the income amounted to more than £200,000!

#### ENORMOUS GROWTH OF THE CHARITY.

At first there were only homes in Stepney. Now, with their sign of the "Ever-Open Door," they are to be found in Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Plymouth, and Portsmouth.

There is a settlement of village homes at Ilford, where 1,000 girls are cared for, and the generosity of a lady resulted in the building of a home for 1,000 babies at Haverhill.

Dr. Barnardo and his assistants did not wait for the waifs to come to the open door to ask to be taken in. Like the dogs of St. Bernard, they were ever searching for these helpless and homeless outcasts.

When Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls left his care it was to go forth into the world as useful citizens. Among the variety of trades taught in the homes are carpentering, tinmithery, blacksmithery, printing, photography, wheelwrighting, box-making, matmaking, harnessmaking, shoemaking, brushmaking, and the manufacture of aerated waters. The girls are educated in housework.

#### THE DOCTOR'S PERSONALITY.

But Dr. Barnardo's boys have found their chief outlet in emigration. It was the Doctor's proud boast that ninety-eight per cent. of the lads achieved success as farmers and workmen out West.

Dr. Barnardo, who was sixty, passed away at Surbiton on Tuesday night. Recently he had suffered much from angina pectoris. He was a bright, jovial little man, who was always very spruce and dapper in his personal appearance.

To the last Dr. Barnardo was true to his life-work. For many years he had known that he could not hope to live long, and he had arranged for his orphanages to be carried on after his death.

The council of the Incorporated Waifs and Strays Association, which was initiated by Dr. Barnardo, will continue the work upon the lines that he laid down.

At the beginning of this year there were over 8,000 children in the homes.

#### FREE LOTTERIES.

Prizes Offered in Mexico to Holders of Old  
Tramway Tickets.

To check dishonesty on the part of conductors an extraordinary lottery scheme is being carried out by the American proprietors of the Mexican street railways.

All attempts to stop wholesale stealing on these cars failed until Mr. W. W. Wheatley, formerly superintendent of the Brooklyn system, thought of taking advantage of the Mexican's passion for gambling.

He put a number on every ticket, and announced that prizes varying from £200 to £1 would be drawn for every month, and awarded to holders of lucky tickets.

Now every Mexican sees that he gets his proper ticket and keeps it, and conductors have no chance of selling one twice over. An attempt to forge the tickets has been detected, and the company is thus saving £1,500 a month.

#### LOST GLASS EYE.

Singular Dispute Between Injured Passenger  
and a Railway Company.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday.—At extreme variance as to the value of a glass eye knocked out of a passenger's face during a dispute with a railway official, the owner of the eye and the North Jersey Street Railway Company are to settle the matter with the aid of a jury at Newark.

Mr. Gross, the mortified passenger, wants £80, but the company declares he could get a bushel of glass eyes for that sum.

Mr. Gross maintains that the lost eye matched his real optic perfectly, and that it will be difficult to equal.

#### RETURN OF THE CATERINA.

The steam yacht Caterina, in which Gallay, the absconding French bank clerk, fled to Bahia, arrived at Gosport yesterday.

## THE BABY CONGRESS.

Last Day Spent in Discussing  
Parents' Little Weaknesses.

### TRAINING A WIFE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LIDGE, Wednesday.—The great Baby Congress is over.

All day there was a vast amount of talk by learned professors and blue-stocking ladies.

A good deal was too technical to be interesting, the baby being treated with as little sentiment as a cabbage. Still there were many good points, and common mothers and fathers will be interested to see their imperfections as reflected in the mirror of Science.

#### OVER-DRESSING BABY.

One foible of the fond mother—that of over-dressing her baby—came in for attack.

"It is more important to feed a baby well than to dress it well," was the opinion expressed by M. Dumas, a French teacher.

"In most families," he says, "nothing is considered too fine for baby—silks, velvets, and lace form a habit with it. The parents deprive themselves of necessities in order that the child may be well dressed for the christening, that it may eclipse its neighbours, and its mother may be proud to have brought such a marvellous being in the world."

"But would it not be better to give it wholesome and abundant nourishment rather than all these pompous clothes?"

Parents should prepare their children for the battle of life. How often does one hear a fond mother say: "The poor darlings! They have plenty of time to be miserable hereafter. Let them at least have a good time when they are with us." And for this good time they prepare their offspring for a thousand miseries due to softness of character.

#### FIRMNESS WANTED.

"Some parents go so far as to consult Master Baby on all his tastes. 'My darling, would you like this? Do you like that, sweet?' say some mothers, and the baby, proud of its delicacy of taste, shows obstinacy accordingly. This is not the way to prepare it for the stern realities of life."

"The parental rule should be gentle but firm. 'Father says so' should stop all discussion. Even a baby Aristotle should not be allowed to argue."

According to M. Chastaring, another French professor, the worst fault in parents is inconsistency. A child is forbidden to smoke, and sees its father never without a pipe; it must not drink, but never sees its father refuse a glass; is punished for bad language, and hears angry words around it every day."

#### IDEAS ON PUNISHMENT.

M. de Vries, a Dutch delegate, gave some original hints on punishment. He instanced the wisdom of a mother who found that her child had cut off the head of a toy soldier. "Why did you do that?" she asked. "To see if it would bleed," was the reply. The mother recognised the scientific spirit with satisfaction, which was justified, for the child grew up a scientist.

Again, a child bit his companion in a fury. It was not the child's fault, but that of his savage ancestors; he was too young to know it was wicked. By being told that it was like a dog, and not a boy, to bite, he was quite cured of his fault.

"Always explain to a child where it is wrong when you punish it," was M. de Vries's maxim.

#### PREPARING A BRIDE.

How shall a daughter be trained for marriage. According to M. le Brun, a French delegate, she should be taught above all to cultivate a taste for household work, to get rid of ideas of luxury, and learn how to cook well.

"When the heart begins to throb for another the prudent mother should discreetly guide her daughter into the choice of a suitable companion. It is at the age of sixteen that a girl begins seriously to think of marriage. This is not the time to send her out to learn dressmaking or bonnet-trimming. First of all, she should be familiarised with the household labours which will be hers at a later period."

#### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The King of Spain will probably go to Vienna on Monday.

Lord Curzon, the retiring Viceroy, delivered a farewell address at Simla yesterday, speaking for three-quarters of an hour.

Eight hundred houses have been destroyed at Baranmula, Kashmir, during a great conflagration, which has caused £50,000 damage.

#### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Freshening north-easterly winds; mostly fair or fine; some rain in the south-west; cooler.

Lighting-up time: 7 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate to rather rough.

#### PREY OF THE ELEMENTS.

Italian Earthquake Havoc Succeeded by Fire  
and Storm.

ROME, Wednesday.—A terrific storm swept over Monteleone this morning, and the panic-stricken inhabitants rushed from their tents.

A slight earthquake shook at 5.35 added to the terror of the peasants. Last night a fire broke out at Alivadi, in the Catanzaro district.

Two houses which were being used as warehouses for the goods of the survivors of the earthquake were burned.—Reuter.

#### "FEET-WASHING BISHOP."

Notorious Negro Who Attempted To Cure  
Smallpox by Faith.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Wednesday.—News has just been received here that the Rev. William Crowdy, "bishop" of the "Church of God," and until recently head of the negro colony in the city, has been divorced by another wife.

His whereabouts are at present unknown, but his claim to fame is based on his penchant for feet-washing and curing disease by faith.

Among the diseases he claimed to cure in this way was smallpox, in consequence of which the sanitary authorities made a descent on the colony and the "bishop" left.

His followers were all vaccinated, and the colony thoroughly disinfected.

#### MOROCCAN CONFERENCE SETTLED.

PARIS, Wednesday.—It is announced that the negotiations on the subject of the Moroccan Conference are proceeding satisfactorily, and that within forty-eight hours it will be made known whether the programme of the Conference has been drawn up to the satisfaction of both France and Germany.—Central News.



## SECRET OF A HAUNTED CASTLE.

Heir of Glamis Castle Fathoms the  
Grim Mystery To-night.

### FORBIDDEN CHAMBER.

To-night within the grim feudal walls of the Castle of Glamis will be held a Meeting of Three, in such circumstances as to suggest the mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition.

For to-morrow Lord Glamis, heir to the Earl of Strathmore, comes of age, and the dread secret for which hundreds of years has hung over Glamis Castle will be revealed to him, in accordance with immemorial tradition.

What that dread secret is is never known to more than three persons at one time. It is known by the Earl and his agent, and is communicated to the heir by his father in the agent's presence the night before he comes of age.

A few minutes before midnight to-night the young lord will be summoned from the friends who are making merry with him over his majority. Possibly, as many of his predecessors have done, he will go with a jest upon his lips. But every heir has hitherto returned from that ordeal a changed and saddened man.

#### Mystery of Hidden Chamber.

No fourth person, not even the earl's wife, has ever been able to penetrate the mystery. Once a Countess of Strathmore asked the agent to reveal it to her. "My lady," he answered sadly, "if you could guess even the nature of this secret you would go down on your knees and thank God that you are ignorant of it."

But though the actual secret remains unknown, many weird and horrible speculations, founded on more or less reliable evidence, have been circulated by the superstitious. They are all connected with a mysterious chamber in the castle.

One story is that many years ago the Lord Glamis of the time was playing cards with his noble friends. It was close on Saturday midnight. Now, few Scotsmen dare profane the Sabbath for fear of the vengeance of Heaven. But on this occasion the players were so engrossed with their game that they forgot the hour till an old retainer ventured to remind them.

Then one of the gamblers called the Devil himself to witness that, no matter what the day was, they would finish their game if it lasted till Doomsday.

#### Game Still Unfinished.

As he spoke midnight struck, and suddenly a stranger, garbed all in black, appeared and intimated that he would take them at their word, and that game is still unfinished.

Another story has it that a terrible something, which never dies and which occasionally breaks loose, is kept chained in the chamber.

Once when the hall of the castle was crowded, a Lord Strathmore entered and asked everyone to go quietly to their rooms and not to come out again till a bell rang.

On another occasion a workman who was repairing the roof of the castle hurriedly left his work and demanded to see the Earl. Two days afterwards he left for the other side of the world, and if he did see anything he never opened his lips on the subject.

Many attempts have been made to find the haunted room, but no one has succeeded in doing so.

Once, when their host and hostess were out for the afternoon, some guests made a tour of the castle and hung a towel out of every window they could find. Inspection from the outside revealed the fact that there was one window without a signal—and the most careful search failed to reveal a room to which it could give light.

#### Strange Monster Concealed.

The nearest approach to finding it was made by a young doctor, who was staying in the castle professionally. Finding his carpet had been moved he shifted the furniture and investigated. He discovered a trapdoor leading to some steps, descended, and proceeded along a winding passage.

Suddenly his way was barred by a wall so newly plastered that on touching it his finger sank into it. He said nothing of his adventure, but next morning, while still in bed, received a cheque with an intimation that a carriage was in readiness to take him to the station.

Of all suggested explanations the following is perhaps the most horrible.

A monster, half-human, half-toad, and endowed with immortality, is said to be hidden in the castle.

#### THEFTS TOTAL £121,314.

London property stolen, according to a police report issued yesterday, amounted to £121,314 last year, a decrease of £1,009 compared with 1903. Last year 155 persons were killed in street accidents, as compared with 154 in 1903.

## MILLION FOR CHARITY.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild's Superb  
Legacy to the Poor.

The will of the late Baron Nathaniel von Rothschild, of Vienna, partner of the great banking firm, philanthropist, art-lover, and owner of racehorses, is another magnificent illustration of the generosity of the great family of which he was one of the heads.

Over a million sterling has been left to charity—mainly for the treatment of disease and the assistance of the poor.

Probate of the will was granted in London yesterday to the sole executor, his brother, Baron Albert Solomon Anselm von Rothschild, the head of the Vienna banking house.

By his will, dated January 3, 1900, the testator left:

Ten million florins (£1,000,000 English money) Austrian currency to any charitable institution that shall be established under his name and shall permanently bear that name, having chiefly in view the making provision for sufferers from chronic or incurable maladies.

One million florins (£100,000) Austrian currency for distribution among charitable institutions in Vienna.

Twenty thousand florins (£2,000) for distribution by the Imperial and Royal Governmentship at Vienna among the poor of Vienna without distinction as to creed.

Forty thousand marks (£2,000) to the poor fund of Schillersdorf.

Forty thousand marks (£2,000) to the Charlottenstift at Hultschin.

Twenty thousand marks (£1,000) for distribution among the needy of Schillersdorf.

Ten thousand florins (£1,000) for distribution among the poor and needy of Enzelsdorf.

All these amounts are free of duty, and the testator stated that, as regards the bequest of one million florins, he wished to include as participants societies which work for charitable purposes of common utility.

He also directed his brother to continue the payment of all pensions, and to make provision for the payment of any promised pensions which had not yet been paid.

The late Baron Rothschild's estate in the United Kingdom has been valued at £25,634 11s. 11d.

## DRURY LANE'S BAD YEAR.

No Dividend This Autumn for Shareholders  
in the National Theatre.

Last year's working of the Drury Lane Theatre resulted in a loss of £88.

The directors of the company in their report, which will be presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting on the 28th inst., express their regret, and point out that this is the first year the company has failed to make a profit since its formation.

They attribute the loss to the following causes:

1. The closing of the theatre during the autumn and up till Christmas, 1904, for the alterations and improvements ordered by the arbitrator in connection with the L.C.C. requirements.
2. The loss of the two leading comedians, Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell.
3. The universal depression in theatrical business throughout this country and America.

All the compensatory alterations and improvements cost in £27,500, and to extinguish this debt immediately the reserve fund of £25,000 was transferred for the purpose, so that neither that nor the alteration account will appear in future balance-sheets.

## MIXED BATHING WRANGLE.

Cork Councilors Prohibit a Race in the  
Interests of Mrs. Grundy.

A scene worthy of comic opera has been enacted at Cork.

The City Fathers are indignant over an announcement that to-morrow a race in which both sexes participate is to be held in the public baths. "Send for the constabulary," ordered the chairman of the Public Health Committee met in conclave.

"I was at the last swimming gala," said a councillor, "and there were more females than males there."

"That is more scandalous still!" exclaimed the chairman. "Men and women will not be allowed into the bath together. Let the men race in one bath and the women in another."

Ultimately the sanitary officer was ordered to forbid the race.

## GOSPEL OF PROFITABLE PEACE.

Ententes are in the air, and the latest is of Belgian origin.

Members of the City of London International Commercial Association, to the number of about a hundred, visit Belgium next week for the purpose of "preaching the gospel of peace through the pocket"—because it pays. They will be feted in Brussels.

## MISS ROOSEVELT.

President's Strenuous Daughter  
Carried in State Through Seoul.

## LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, the strenuous daughter of America's strenuous President, has added another triumph to her already long list of exciting experiences.

Yesterday she arrived at Seoul, the capital of Korea, and was conveyed from the railway station to the United States Legation in a royal yellow palanquin. The roads, says Reuter's correspondent, had been freshly paved for the occasion, and the shops along the route were draped with hand-painted American flags. A Korean band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," while Korean policemen, gendarmes, and grotesquely attired club retainers bearing long lanterns followed in procession.

#### Six Times a Bridesmaid.

The stories about Miss Roosevelt seem to be unending. The chronicling of her doings occupies more space in American papers than is needed on this side to relate the actions of the whole Royal Family.

In fifteen months she is said to have been present at 405 dinners, 350 balls, and 300 small dances. Her five o'clock teas numbered 680, and she paid 1,700 calls and officiated six times as bridesmaid.

She received a proposal of marriage from the Sultan of Sulu, she has been the victim of a motor-car accident, and is reported to have shot a mountain-cat in the Rockies.

Her descent in a submarine was perhaps the feat which caused the greatest sensation.

#### Descent in a Submarine.

The young lady went down in Narragansett Bay in the Holland submarine Moccasin, and said she enjoyed it.

On her way to the Far East, Miss Roosevelt attended the open air Greek theatre at San Francisco, where she was overcome by sunstroke.

It is said she walked into a cowboy encampment at Coney Island one day last May, picked up a rifle, and fired at a target, making three successive bulls'-eyes.

Her girlish playfulness occasioned much amusement the other day on board the Manchuria. Miss Roosevelt, who dressed in a white silk blouse and silk skirt, challenged a popular young Congressman to plunge into the bathing-tank as they were.

The Congressman politely refused, and thereupon Miss Roosevelt dived in, dressed as she was, and the bantering of the passengers on board compelled the young Congressman to follow.

## HUSBANDS, BEWARE!

Deliberate Wife Chastisement of Even the  
Mildest Kind Illegal.

In view of the large number of wife-beating cases reported of late, the *Daily Mirror* yesterday inquired of a prominent lawyer as to the legal penalties.

"In the days when this country was governed by Roman law," said this authority, "a man could do as he pleased with his wife. He could starve her, lock her up, or even burn her at the stake. His wife was then regarded as a mere chattel."

"Now, however, if a man strikes his wife, and she can satisfy the magistrate that it was deliberate assault and not done in a hasty temper, a judicial separation can be granted."

"In England a man may punish his children within reasonable limits, but he may not deliberately chastise his wife. And if he should do so, she can obtain redress."

## GRAVEYARD GHOULS.

Foiled in an Attempt To Steal a Well-Known  
Millionaire's Body.

A daring attempt to steal the body of a well-known millionaire is reported by Laffan.

At South Bend (Indiana), on Tuesday night several ghouls approached the grave of Mr. Clement Studebaker, who died a few days ago.

But since the funeral the grave has been so well guarded that the would-be robbers were saluted with a volley, and after a rapid exchange of shots they hastily fled to a wagon that was in waiting.

Two famous cases are recalled by this attempt—one in the United States, the other in Scotland. Twenty-seven years ago the body of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the dry-goods millionaire, was stolen from the vaults in New York, and in 1881 the body of the Earl of Balcarres was taken from the mausoleum of Dunchuch House. Both bodies were subsequently recovered.

Lord Wodehouse has been selected as Liberal candidate for Mid-Norfolk in the place of Mr. F. W. Wilson, who intends retiring at the next general election.

## MARYLEBONE MYSTERY.

Woman Found Bruised and Dead—  
Son Charged with Theft.

Very remarkable circumstances connect the theft of an overcoat and shirt from 15, Little George-street, Marylebone, with a suspected murder brought to light yesterday.

Alice Pinfold, the wife of a bootmaker's manager, was found dead in her home under circumstances which point to murder.

On her husband's return from work on Monday night, Mrs. Pinfold was found lying dead in the kitchen, with blood running from one ear and a suspicious bruise in her neck.

Mr. Pinfold also discovered that his overcoat was missing and that cupboard had been rifled.

With a description of the overcoat in their possession, the police within a few hours arrested a man at Hatfield. The prisoner gave his name as Frederick Stuart, cook in a restaurant, and one of the detectives discovered that he was the son of the dead woman by her first husband.

Yesterday Stuart was remanded at Marylebone with the theft of the overcoat, but although it is believed that Mrs. Pinfold was murdered there is no reason to connect the prisoner with such a crime.

## STRANDED "FREAKS."

American Society in London Helps Unfortunate  
Compatriots in France.

Another instance of the usefulness of the American Society in London has just been put on record.

At Grenoble, in France, as previously reported in the *Daily Mirror*, an American circus became stranded; the proprietor ran away, the effects were seized, and the unfortunate performers had nothing between them and absolute starvation.

Ultimately, through the generosity of an American gentleman in Paris, they were sent to London, where they came under the wing of the American Society.

Now the Human Skeleton, the India-rubber Man, the Tattooed Man, and the Bearded Lady have sailed for New York, and others are waiting transhipment.

Mr. Van Duser, the secretary of the Society, told the *Daily Mirror* that he hopes eventually to send most of the stranded players back to their homes in America.

## LONDON'S HARVEST FESTIVAL

Salvation Army Superintending No Fewer  
Than 1,429 Celebrations.

In no fewer than 1,429 towns in the United Kingdom is the Salvation Army keeping the harvest festival.

Especially amongst the poorer classes is the festival enjoyed. For in some of London's poorest neighbourhoods, where bread is dear and life very hard, the keenest interest is displayed.

Celebrations are held at Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Deptford, Lambeth, Wapping, Hackney-road, Dockhead, Limehouse, and Shadwell.

Of course, in the agricultural districts, the supply of fruit and flowers is largest, but London gives a remarkable display.

Sometimes a poor woman will bring a bedstool or a cabbage, and she buys a shilling's worth of apples from a greenseller.

## "FIFTY CENT" MARRIAGES.

Squire of the "Garden of Eden" Makes a  
Hobby of Cheap Weddings.

"Squire" Edleman, prosperous farmer, of "the Garden of Eden," Henry County, Indianapolis, is a benefactor to the loving couples of that district.

According to the "New York Tribune," he found his office of magistrate a sinecure, and, twitted by neighbours because of this, he decided to go into what out West they call "the marrying business."

So he published an advertisement in a local paper saying he would marry couples at 50 cents (2s. 1d.), with two meals and a night's lodging included.

One young couple gave the offer an experiment. The ceremony passed off well; it was followed by a superb supper; the couple had the best room in the house, and in the morning had a breakfast fit for a prince.

The Squire no longer laments lack of business, but it is fortunate he is a rich man.

## £8,000 WORTH OF MOTORS-CARS A DAY.

England is the greatest automobile market in the world, according to the "Paris Journal," which points out that she buys £8,000 worth of motor-cars a day—£1,680,000 in the first seven months of this year.



## ETON COMMENCES A NEW REGIME.

### Canon Lyttelton Enters Very Quietly Upon His Duties.

Yesterday was a momentous day at Eton. Canon Lyttelton, the new head, entered on his duties as successor to Dr. Warre, and the boys wondered how things were going to shape themselves during the day.

When the day was done they came to the conclusion that the new regime was very much like the old, except that there was an atmosphere of briskness not hitherto noticeable in the school.

"Will he curtail our liberties?" was the great question among the boys. The second notice of the day, signed "Edward Lyttelton," put doubts to rest. It stated that boys could bathe as usual, a privilege at present due to the exceptionally fine weather.

Shortly after seven o'clock in the morning Canon Lyttelton was present in the upper school for the pass examinations, and he began his duties without speechmaking.

Thus with a day of good augury commenced the new regime of the great school.

## LAW OF LEAVING A HUSBAND

### Woman Advised To Shut Him Out from Her Home.

A curious application was made to the Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday by a woman who wished to get a separation from her husband.

"I cannot comply with the law as to leaving him," she explained, "because the house and the furniture are mine, and I do not wish him to have the free use of these."

"It is sufficient if you exclude him," said the magistrate. "It constitutes a legal leaving if you shut him out. Don't let him enter, and apply again."

## AT THE PISTOL'S MUZZLE.

### Intruder Betrayed by Watchdog and Captured by Armed Postmaster.

The barking of his faithful watchdog roused Mr. Rickard, postmaster, of Duncan-road, Gillingham, from his slumbers early yesterday morning.

The householder made a careful examination of his premises and was rewarded by the discovery of a man crouching beneath the counter.

Seeing his plans were frustrated, the intruder sprang out and made a dart for a chisel lying close by.

The postmaster was too quick for him. "Hands up," he shouted, producing a revolver. "Now get into the middle of the room."

The man, now quite docile, did what he was told. Mr. Rickard called in a neighbour, and a little later the "visitor" was handed over to the tender care of the local police.

## PAINLESS RABBIT TRAPS.

### Offer of £50 Prize for Humane Snare Evokes Eager Response.

In its praiseworthy endeavour, by the offer of a £50 prize, to obtain a humane trap for catching hares and rabbits, the Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps is likely to be successful.

About 200 models have so far been sent in, and these will be judged by a practical committee on October 8.

A trap that will not inflict unnecessary pain, or one which will kill instantaneously, is what the society is seeking.

It has not yet obtained the legal prohibition of steel traps now used, but the members feel that they can substitute a more humane practice, statutory provision for its adoption will soon follow.

## RITUALIST SAYS "FIGHT FAIRLY."

Fight fairly and no hitting below the belt," is advice of the assistant priest of St. Michael's, well, the most Ritualistic church in Somerset, to a member of the congregation who may desire interrogate the Kensit preachers who are at present holding a mission in the town.

## WEDDING COINCIDENCE.

Philip Smyly, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, was married yesterday at Dublin Cathedral to Miss Aileen, daughter of Sir William Smyly, was, curiously, knighted by the King at the same time as his uncle, the bride's father.

Lord Carnock, eldest son of the Earl of Lindsay, has consented to contest the Buckrose Parliamentary Division of Yorkshire, begins his campaign to-day.

## CRYSTAL PALACE FREE TO-DAY.

Performances Begin at Ten o'Clock This Morning and  
Last for Thirteen Hours, Finishing at  
Eleven o'Clock To-night.

## CUT OUT ADMISSION COUPON ON PAGE 1.

To-day is the first of the three *Daily Mirror* Gala Days at the Crystal Palace. To-day, to-morrow, and Saturday all our readers and all their friends can obtain free admission to the Crystal Palace by merely purchasing the day's issue of the *Daily Mirror* and cutting out the coupon contained on page 1, top right-hand corner. By presenting a coupon at the Crystal Palace gates you are entitled to free admission to the grounds, and will be able to see the most remarkable programme ever placed before the public.

We want you to come and see the programme which we have provided for you. That will please us more than anything.

For many days Mr. J. Cozens, manager of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Brannell, who is in charge of the café chantant, have been planning a programme of colossal dimensions purely for the

### FREE DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

To-day—  
Thursday, Sept. 21 } - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
To-morrow—  
Friday, Sept. 22 } - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
(Children's Day)  
Saturday, Sept. 23 } - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
(Sports Day)  
On any one of these dates you can obtain Free Admission to the Crystal Palace by producing a Coupon cut from the "Daily Mirror" published on that day.

enjoyment of our readers. For many days Messrs. Brock have had a large staff of men busily employed in designing and manufacturing special fireworks for to-day, to-morrow, and Saturday, the *Daily Mirror* days, when all our readers can obtain admission by producing the magic coupons.

The programme speaks for itself, but just to particularly mention a little, just see what we are providing for you free of charge.

Two of the finest military bands in England—the bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards—will play to our readers all afternoon and evening.

Besides these there will be the Norwood Prize Band and the Crystal Palace Band, which latter will play the "*Daily Mirror* March," specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Herbert Godfrey, the conductor.

Free of charge to-day our readers can witness the most wonderful exhibition of lions, bears, and ponies ever given in public. Two lions will have a tug-of-war with nine men, bears will ride on horseback, ponies will play in swings and perambulators just like children.

Free of charge to-day our readers can listen to the grand organ at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Walter

Hedgecock will give recitals there at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m., in the Centre Transept.

Free of charge to-day our readers can see Miss Ella Zuila, the champion lady high-wire walker, performing at a dizzy height on the Terrace.

Free of charge our readers to-day will see the most gorgeous display of fireworks ever presented by Messrs. Brock.

And now there are two further additions to our programme.

On Saturday Miss Kellermann, the famous eighteen-year-old Australian lady swimmer, has been specially engaged to give an exhibition in the boating lake. Few of our readers have ever been able to see this plucky lady, who made such a brave attempt to win the *Daily Mirror* trophy by swimming across the Channel.

### Somali Football Team.

Moreover, Miss Cissie Paris has been specially engaged by Mr. Brannell to appear at the café chantant each day.

These are but a few of the many entertainments which we are offering to our readers.

Don't forget that to-morrow (Friday) we are especially catering for the little ones. It is to be "Children's Day." For them Mr. Cozens has arranged a real sensation. Eleven Somalis are to play a football match against eleven boys on the great "Cup Final" ground at the Palace.

Now do remember just this one thing. If you are in any way grateful to us for our efforts to entertain you, and it would seem that you are from the hundreds of letters we are receiving, show it by coming to the Palace to-day, to-morrow, and the next day.

### Come Early and Stay Late.

Don't be afraid that you will be unable to obtain coupons. We shall have a plentiful supply of *Daily Mirror*s at the Palace gates and all the stalls in that neighbourhood.

As we said yesterday—  
Cut out your coupons,  
Come early,  
Stay late.

Come all three days,  
Enjoy yourselves thoroughly, and then both the *Daily Mirror* and its readers will look back with pleasure to these three *Daily Mirror* Days.

Seeing that the nation is celebrating the Nelson centenary this year a special addition has been made to the great concert which will be given on Saturday next at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. John Bardsley, the well-known tenor, will sing that famous song, "The Death of Nelson." This, too, our readers will be able to hear free of charge.

Don't forget to see the bioscope each night. Mr. Jury is going to photograph the *Daily Mirror* crowds each day and show them on the bioscope each night.

You may see yourself watching the football match.

The bioscope pictures at the Crystal Palace are some of the finest pictures of the kind in the world.

## FREE ADMISSION TO CRYSTAL PALACE FOR "DAILY MIRROR" READERS TO-DAY.

### SYNOPSIS OF COLOSSAL PROGRAMME TO-DAY (THURSDAY), SEPT. 21.

10 a.m.—Somali Village, the home of the Mad Mullah's followers. Sir Hiran Maxim's Flying Machine. Huge Captive Balloon. Topsy-Turvy Railway. Colonial Band.

11 a.m.—Grand Organ Recital on the great organ in the Centre Transept.

11.30 a.m.—Children of Lions, Bears, Ponies—the cleverest animals in the world.

12 noon and every hour.—The Mysterious Maid of the Moon.

12.30 p.m.—Café Chantant—engagement of special artists, including Miss Cissie Paris.

1 p.m.—Crystal Palace Band will perform "Daily Mirror March," composed for the occasion by Mr. Herbert Godfrey, bandmaster.

1.30 p.m.—Great Variety Entertainment in Centre Transept. The Pony Kindergarten and amazing Tug-of-War—two lions against nine men.

2 p.m.—Grand display by the warriors of the Somali tribe. War dance and procession of camels, zebras, and elephants.

2.30 p.m.—Stupendous aerial feat by Miss Ella Zuila, the Champion Lady High Wire Walker.

3 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Scots Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens.

3.30 p.m.—Great Football Match—Fulham F.C. v. Crystal Palace F.C.—on the historic "Cup" ground.

4 p.m.—Grand Entertainment in the Theatre. Little Mona, the famous child artist. Coon songs, recitations, etc.

4.30 p.m.—Variety Entertainment in Centre Transept. Race on horseback. Miss Newman will sing "Queen of the Earth" in the lions' cage.

5 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band will play on the North Terrace.

5.30 p.m.—Miss Ella Zuila will rival Blondin's feat and walk on a wire 800 ft. above the ground the whole length of the Terrace.

6 p.m.—Grand Organ Recital in Centre Transept.

6.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards in North Tower Gardens. Entertainment in the Theatre.

7.30 p.m.—Wonderful Animal Entertainment in Centre Transept—16 lions, 17 ponies, and 3 performing bears.

8 p.m.—Gorgeous Illumination of Crystal Palace Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy-lamps.

8.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.

9 p.m.—Monster Display of Fireworks—sheet of flame half a mile long and half a mile high. Special spectacles.

9.30 p.m.—Grand Massed Band Concert by the bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards in Centre Transept.

TO-MORROW (FRIDAY), SEPTEMBER 22—

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Programme similar to that of Thursday, but with special features intended for the little ones. Baby

clowns, baby lions, baby performers. Firework display, specially designed and arranged to please the children.

3 p.m.—Football Match between Somalis and Boys XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23—SPORTS DAY.

Programme similar to that of Thursday, but with extra features as follows:—

12 noon—Cricket Match—London County C.C. (captained by Dr. W. G. Grace) v. Bromley Town C.C.

2 p.m.—Miss Kellermann, the famous Australian lady swimmer, specially engaged, will give an exhibition of the "Death of Nelson."

3 p.m.—Cycling N.C.U. ten miles championship.

3.30 p.m.—Soulless Cup (Don Meredith, world's champion; H. C. Buck, British Empire champion; V. B. Casey, London mile champion).

4 p.m.—League Match—Crystal Palace F.C. v. Leyton F.C.

Mr. John Bardsley will sing the "Death of Nelson" at the great concert.

## BISHOP'S "SIGNATURE."

### Charge of Forging Dr. Ingram's Name to Cheques.

It was expected that the Bishop of London would have figured in the witness-box at Bow-street yesterday to give evidence on a forgery charge.

This was brought against Edward Willing, commission agent, of York-road, Worthing, and Maud Willing, a young woman living at the same address, in respect to cheques of £83, £163, and £150. With regard to the last-named cheque, on which the Bishop's forged signature appeared, Mabel Clara Hughes, widow of a clergyman, was also charged.

When the case came on, Mr. Arthur Gill, for the prosecution, intimated that the Bishop of London would not be able to attend that day, and public interest at once drooped.

Several witnesses were called to describe how the Willings had spent money at Worthing and Brighton after the date of the alleged offence.

On one occasion they drove to Brighton in a carriage and pair, and Hughes came and stayed for a week-end. At Brighton Willing bought a pyjama suit and six shirts, paying for them with a £10 note. At another shop he purchased a silver chain-bag and silver match-box. Again he paid with a £10 note.

The ladies also made purchases, Mrs. Hughes at one establishment buying a wedding-ring, remarking that she had "won the rates on a horse."

Another remand was granted.

## HAVE BULLDOGS SOULS?

### De-throned Show "Champion" Inconsolable, and Successful Rival Bored.

To his intense chagrin, Nuthurst Doctor, the famous bulldog, appeared yesterday for the first time in his life, at a public exhibition without a prize, even a "highly commended" card.

Huddled in a corner, his face tucked under a blanket, the fallen champion sought to hide himself from the gaze of the public.

Really, he was the most interesting object in the Crystal Palace show. Many dog-lovers pointed to his disconsolate figure with delight, as proving that dogs have souls.

Disqualified because he was one pound less than the regulation weight for his class, Nuthurst Doctor had gorged himself on steak and drunk quarts of water. But the scales only registered fifty-four pounds, and he was beaten.

The new champion, Carthusian Warrior, with the coveted badge over his head, assumed a calm and dignified demeanour. He frequently closed his eyes, and yawned with an expressive assumption of indifference.

## HERO TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

### Witzoff in Manchester "Dressed To Captivate" When Ladies Were To Call.

More light is thrown on the personality of Witzoff, the man with 100 wives, by his late housekeeper in Manchester.

"When I went to Dr. Reader, as Witzoff called himself," she says, "Alice Bell was in hospital. He was very nice and kind to me, but he warned me not to say anything when I went out."

"Several ladies called at the house. When ladies were coming he used to dress in great style, but when there was no one he used to go out very badly dressed."

"On some occasions I have known Reader to go out in the morning without money in his possession and then come back with plenty."

## WITZOFF CASE—AN APOLOGY.

In the report of this case which appeared in our issue of the 14th inst., we stated, on the faith of information supplied to us by a correspondent, that Miss Hettie Ferguson, of Manchester, was engaged to "Reader," one of the names by which Witzoff was known in that city.

We have since ascertained that we were misinformed, and that there was no foundation whatever for the statement. It appears that Miss Ferguson went to Mr. Reader as a patient, and was attended by him professionally on several occasions. Thereafter he began to send her presents and letters, and even went to her house, but as her mother did not like him she cautioned her daughter to have nothing to do with him, and there the acquaintanceship ended.

We regret exceedingly that we were misled into making the statement above mentioned, which we unreservedly withdraw. We take this opportunity of apologising to Miss Ferguson for its publication, and of expressing to her our sincere regrets for the annoyance which has been caused to her by its appearance.

## DOMESTIC SERVICE FOR IDLE MEN.

An unemployed ex-commercial traveller from West Ham has gone to Liphook, Hants, to act as a domestic servant.



## KING AND KINGSWAY.

Royal Opening of London's New  
Thoroughfare Almost Certain.

## ECONOMICAL L.C.C.

It is almost certain that the King himself will open the new Holborn to Strand thoroughfare, known as Kingsway and Aldwych.

His Majesty takes great interest in this improvement, and the *Daily Mirror* is assured on high authority that, if his engagements permit, the King will perform the opening ceremony.

The London County Council informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the road will be finished and opened for traffic in November, probably in the early part of the month.

This is a great achievement, taking into consideration the magnitude of the task. Seven years was the estimated time, but the work so far has only occupied just over six.

The space was formerly thickly covered by a network of buildings, not merely places of business, but the homes of nearly seven thousand people.

Queen Victoria-street, the Victoria Embankment, Shaftesbury-avenue, and Charing Cross-road, greater length, but in two cases involving no demolishing of dwelling-houses, took respectively eight, eight, nine, and ten years to make.

## GOOD NEWS FOR RATEPAYERS.

Another direction in which the London County Council has covered itself with glory is the question of cost. Nearly five millions of money have been expended on the making of the roadway, but the net cost, instead of the estimated £400,000, will be only £200,000, when the surplus land, standing in so valuable a part of London, has been disposed of.

Claims amounting to £379,545 were reduced to £273,320.

For six years an army of London workmen have been in regular employment day and night.

The new thoroughfare will be the best lighted street in London. Incandescent gas with very powerful burners will be used, and in addition to the lamps on the pavement, there will be very powerful lamps on the "islands," after the style adopted by some Continental cities.

Every effort is being put forward to make Aldwych and Kingsway up-to-date in every sense of the word; and there is keen competition for the shop sites in what will become one of the main arteries of London.

## HOUSE-PAINTER ON R.A.

Brother of the Brush Says a G. F. Watts  
Picture Is Lop-sided and Streaky.

A house-painter's amusing criticism of a picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, the famous artist, is quoted in a Tasmanian paper.

The editor of a local journal, not having an art critic upon the staff, is alleged to have sent this workman to write about the painting on exhibition, the following being the result:—

"Mr. Geo. Watt, the famous artist, is to be congratulated on the substantial job he has just turned out. He has painted a picture of a lady on a horse, and it looks very pretty."

"The lady's hair seems to have been laid on rather carelessly, and is very streaky, and looks as though it had been done with a new brush. It would have been better if the brush had been broken in on the body of the horse first."

"There are seven trees on one side of the horse and four on the other; this makes the picture look lop-sided, but perhaps trees grow that way. The picture is painted on canvas. There is a lot of nubbins in canvas, and the job could have been done cheaper if zinc had been used instead."

"Taken altogether, and as the frame is gilded in a first-class manner, the artist deserves the custom of anyone who goes in for that sort of thing."

## PIGOTT'S VOTE ALLOWED.

The vote of the Clapton "Messiah," Smyth-Pigott, was objected to yesterday at the Hackney Revision Court on the ground that he did not reside at Cedar Lodge, Clapton Common.

But on the revising barrister pointing out that Mr. Smyth-Pigott was the legal occupier, as he paid the rates, the objection was withdrawn.

## HARMSWORTH LIBRARY

Books to Read. Net 1/- Per  
Books to Keep. Price 1/- Vol.

FIRST TEN VOLUMES  
NOW ON SALE

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Owing to the annual loss in connection with the Harrogate Kursaal, the corporation have decided to close it.

Clay pipes are still in great demand, no fewer than 80,000 being turned out of the Wyndham-crescent factory at Cardiff last week.

Committed for trial on a charge of bigamy, Arthur Lowe, aged forty, at North London yesterday, pleaded that it was his first offence.

Four gigantic movable tips, nearly twenty yards high, are being erected to facilitate the work on Cardiff's new dock, which will probably be opened next March.

It is understood that November 3 is the day fixed for the hearing of the application for the discharge from bankruptcy of Mrs. Brown-Potter, the well-known actress.

Five hundred fewer labourers than in September, 1904, are now employed in one department alone at Chatham Dockyard, and another batch of seventy leave next Saturday.

The Dowager Lady Williams Wynn, who has been seriously ill for several weeks at Llanydwydd Hall, Denbighshire, has taken a change for the worse, and last night was unconscious.

"July passed without a single funeral, and now August has left us, and we have had only one funeral during that month," says the Rev. Edward Husband, in reference to the healthiness of Folkestone, in "St. Michael's Parish Magazine."

Bury's experiment in introducing billiards at the local institute of the Young Men's Christian Association has been a great success, and other towns are following its example.

So ill became a Leeds boy who fell into the River Aire yesterday and swallowed some of the inkly water that he had to be given an emetic.

In six hours the four members of the crew of a Hythe lugger landed 9,000 mackerel, which they yesterday sold for £52 12s. in Folkestone market.

Negotiations are in progress, says an Exchange Perth telegram, for the amalgamation of the Highland and Great North of Scotland Railway Companies.

In a matrimonial case heard at Preston, Lilian May Yates, a teacher of swimming, told the magistrates that since marrying her husband in 1896 she had been separated from him five times.

Several large timber piles, the remains apparently of an old coffer-dam, which were exposed under London Bridge by recent low tides, have been removed, being regarded as a menace to navigation.

The total receipts of the first performance of "What the Butler Saw," at the Savoy Theatre, on Monday, October 2, when Mr. Mouillot's tenancy commences, will be handed to the Fresh Air Fund.

Book-publishing and magazine-printing are to be carried on in the interests of the blind at Henshaw's Asylum, Manchester, where a printing press on the Braille system is being established this week.

## FREE VIEW OF PERFORMING LIONS TO-DAY.



It will be possible to see Herr Prinz and his wonderfully trained lions, one of which is seen in the photograph with Herr Prinz, for nothing to-day, to-morrow, and Saturday at the Crystal Palace.

Bearing the name of the gunboat Rother, a Whitehead torpedo, with the calcium light still burning, was washed ashore at Herne Bay yesterday.

New members of the recently-formed Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club include Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.

Princess Christian will open the new wing of the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, Nightingale-lane, Wandsworth Common, on the afternoon of October 26.

Probably unbeaten in poor-law annals is the record of Mary Ann Thatcher, who entered the Tonbridge Workhouse in 1836, and cost the ratepayers £1,062 during 24,123 days. She died yesterday.

A man's determined attempt at suicide in front of an electric tramcar at Worcester was frustrated by the cow-catcher, which automatically shut down and pushed him aside. He awaits trial at the quarter sessions.

Never since tomatoes were first cultivated have they been sold so cheaply as now. English smooth-grown have been sold as low as twopence per pound, and hundreds of baskets from the Channel Islands and France have only fetched 1½d. per pound.

## FRENCH BY MACHINE.

A Clever Device Which Gives  
Lessons In Pronunciation.

## UP-TO-DATE SYSTEM.

Many people can ask in correct French, if not with a perfect accent, for "the penknife of the gardener's aunt," and understand the reply that "the flower-pot of the cook's brother" is the only obtainable article.

Nowadays, however, when travelling is so cheap and a sound knowledge of French more necessary than ever, these sentences prove insufficient, and the person who converses fluently of cooks, gardeners, and the weather finds himself awkwardly placed when he wants to order a meal in French or write a business letter.

The zoophone is an innovation that is going to change all this. It is going to teach everyone perfect French with a perfect accent for a very small sum of money in a very short space of time.

The zoophone is in reality a gramophone, and the lessons consist of twenty double discs, which, with a book of directions, cost 48s.

## TWENTY MINUTES A DAY.

On the first page of the book of directions the student is encouraged with the statement that in a month, with twenty minutes' study a day, he will be able to express himself slowly and to understand anybody.

The system is little by little. Simple words and their different meanings are expressed and spoken in the most perfect French, which immediately simplifies the study and the fourth lesson is all in French. You begin by speaking the words over and over again after the zoophone, and then writing them down till you have them by heart; and then you go on to the next lesson.

This system of forty lessons is the elementary course, and there are two others, the moderate and difficult. Books and discs for learning English, German, and Italian are in course of preparation, and "Grandmother's Red Cow" style of speaking foreign languages bids fair to vanish for ever.

## KAFFIR MARKET RALLY.

South African Finance Houses Arrest Stock  
Exchange Fall in Prices.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Stock market confidence seems to be returning. People were able to escape the adverse Kaffir influence, for even Kaffirs took a turn for the better. One or two of the usual energetic brigade employed by the finance houses were sent into the market immediately there seemed any chance of arresting the fall, and so Kaffirs and Rhodesians, which had opened badly, had quite a smart recovery. In fact, at one time, Bankets reached 4 and Chartered 2½, though they closed 3½ and 2 1/16 respectively.

One or two strikes reported on Kaffir mining properties did something to help. Most other mining sections rallied with South Africans, though in the Westralian market the adverse report of Mr. Rolker on the Great Fingall Consolidated property made a bad impression on these shares. One by one these Westralians of high standing got credited.

It was very curious to notice how, with the rally in the Kaffir market, everybody became cheerful elsewhere. Even the bankers in Lombard-street said they really did not feel so sure that the Bank rate would be raised to-morrow. The effect was quite electrical. Consols gained 3/16 at 89½, which is quite a big lift for them nowadays. And it was all in face of the coming Newfoundland loan.

Then there was a better feeling in the Home Railway market, as well there might be, seeing the excellent traffic returns published to-day. There was a little amalgamation sensation in the Home Railway market, for it seems that the Highland and the Great North of Scotland are to be brought into closer connection.

Even Americans improved, for the absence of a rise in the Bank rate makes it easier for New York to get gold, and there was quite a big lift in Canadian Rails, while in the Foreign Railway section the improvement was marked in several directions.

The Foreign houses seemed to forget about their Moroccan troubles, and showed a decidedly better tendency, and this, of course, helped the Stock Markets materially.

Despite the introduction of the Chinese gambling shares in Paris, Pekins and Shansis were heavy at first, and it was said that the reception there was not cordial. Generally speaking, the Miscellaneous groups did not appear to respond quite so much as other sections to the general improvement.

## OVERCROWDED HOLIDAY STEAMER

For carrying, last Bank Holiday, 131 passengers in excess of the 1,369 permitted by his certificate, the master of the Steam Navigation Co.'s steamer Eagle was fined 210 yesterday at the Mansion House.

"DAILY MAIL."



# NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
12, WHITEFRIARS STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
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PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

### COMIC INSURANCE.

RECENT revelations point to the fact that certain huge American insurance companies have been in the hands, not perhaps of burglars, but of persons who have "diverted" large sums from the channels into which they were intended to go.

Money painfully scraped together by policy-holders has been spent in a huge dinner party of the American circus variety—probably held in a duckpond, or with all the guests on horseback, or disguised as monkeys. Other sums have been taken from the assets of the insured and contributed to political election funds.

If the directors of an English insurance company spent the funds of the concern on champagne or contributed them towards the election of parliamentary candidates we should call it embezzlement—and it would be, in England.

Fortunately for the English policy-holders in these American companies, there are such large amounts in their treasuries that they will stand a lot of looting. Unless some Napoleon of Finance comes along who steals the whole lot, policy-holders will have a good chance of getting something when they die.

The money that has been wrongfully spent is such a small proportion of the whole, and interest is so high in America and property rises in value so quickly, that the looters have not created a serious crisis. Efforts are being made to compel the lax directors to disgorge. In the meanwhile those who wish to take out life-insurance policies might do well to remember that there are some very excellent English companies. A. K.

### CRYSTAL PALACE DAY.

The *Daily Mirror* now repeats its colossal garden-party of last year, when it entertained nearly 200,000 of its readers at the Crystal Palace. But this year we have tripled the bill, and throw the immense grounds open to the public for three whole days, beginning to-day.

Primarily intended as a celebration to mark the unprecedented success of the *Daily Mirror*, this Crystal Palace fête has incidentally turned out to be the biggest thing ever done in the way of advertising.

The newspaper is a caterer to the public. Has any other caterer to the public since the world began ever gathered together and entertained 200,000 clients? Is there any other host but the *Daily Mirror* that could get together as many guests?

The popularity of a host is measured by the number that avail themselves of his invitations. The immense attendance at our party is due to the fact that people like us. They know that anything which we undertake will be a success.

In addition to being the best newspaper, the *Daily Mirror* is proud of the fact that not only can it attract the second largest daily circulation, but it can gather together the very largest number of people ever collected in one place in Greater London. II.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Time was when men could (so to speak) of a given man, by nourishing and decorating him with all appliances, make themselves a King, almost as the bees do; and what was still more to the purpose, obey him when made. . . . In such Acknowledged Strongest (well-named King, Kinning, Canning, or Man that was Able) what a Symbol shone now for them! . . . But of those decadent ages when belief and loyalty have passed away and only the false echo of them remains? Helpless ages, wherein, if ever in any, it is an unappeasable to be born.—*Carlyle's French Revolution.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

T O-MORROW the celebrations for the coming of age of Lord Glamis will be in full swing at Glamis Castle, and Lord Strathmore's son and heir will, according to the time-honoured legend, be initiated into the "secret" of his ancestors. I have recently heard, however, apropos of a story about this mystery of the Strathmores which I told the other day, that the secret is really no more. Perhaps this is not absolutely certain, but my informant, who knew the late Lord Strathmore very well indeed, asked him one day if he had really been initiated when he came of age. "There is no secret any longer," was the reply.

One cannot help regretting, however, the vanishing of any legend of this sort. Mysteries, other than those with which the police court is concerned, are sufficiently rare nowadays to make this regret excusable. The hero of to-morrow's celebrations, Lord Glamis, has, by the way, the same name as his uncle, the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon. Mr. Bowes-Lyon has always been interested in politics, and he contested Stockport unsuccessfully in 1892.

had begun to look like one haunted. Now the wig has almost succeeded in making him popular.

Perhaps some of the unusual hostility which Rockefeller has aroused during the last year or so was stimulated by that amazing book on the Standard Oil Company which Miss Ida Tarbell, whose father was ruined by the Trust, has lately published as a monument to financial greed. The book gives a strange picture of Rockefeller—of his early days when he was, like most of those who become multi-millionaires, almost a beggar, and walked the streets seeking for work and finding none; of his days of plodding when, amongst other trades, he learnt how to dig potatoes; of the time, finally, when success came and found him ever the same softly-treading little man with the manners of a Methodist.

M. Jules Huret, the famous member of the "Figaro" staff who has just interviewed Mr. Kipling, with his customary success, naturally saw something of Rockefeller when he went on a tour to the United States. "Under his silk skull cap he looks like an old monk of the Inquisition"—those words of M. Huret illuminate the odd figure

the "dear young people" discovered blushing, and probably wishing they had never been born. The public remonstrance was singularly effective. No more flirts were ever seen in the cathedral. The Bishop of Lahore, whose name is also Lefroy, has just taken up the crusade against bridge with as much vehemence as the Dean of Norwich displayed over it last year.

The restaurant of Claridge's Hotel in the middle of the season could not have been crowded with more interesting people than those present at dinner there during the last few days. One evening, when there was not a vacant table, Princess Duleep Singh and her daughters were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, and amongst other guests were the Princess of Monaco, the Duc de Richelieu, Count Brambilla, the Countess of Westmorland, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, Mr. and Mrs. Assheton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. A. Paget, and Mr. and Mrs. Dias Albertini.

### THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

#### FARTHINGS OUT OF FASHION.

"A Shy Spinster" forgets, I think, that farthings are very useful to poor people, who constantly buy a farthing's-worth of groceries, etc., etc., and find them very convenient, in fact, almost indispensable. D. Z. BEAUMONT.  
104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

Is it absolutely necessary for "A Shy Spinster" to hoard up her farthings in order to pay her omnibus fares?

Find me the linen-draper who, when a person offers him a package of forty-eight farthings for a shilling, does not look upon that person as a real benefactor?

Has "A Shy Spinster," I wonder, ever watched the face of a ragged little street urchin when a passer-by (who has probably just left a draper's shop) has given the child her farthing change? If not, I ask her to do so.

The happiness she will see written on the child's face should do her heart good.

H. R. ALDOUS.

Glenburnie, Hampton-on-Thames.

#### WHOLEMEAL BREAD.

Allow me to correct an error which appears in my letter re wholemeal bread-making, printed in to-day's issue of your interesting paper. The sentence should read "Replace by the stove for an other hour," not "another three hours."

Brighton, Sept. 18.

WOODBANK.

Amongst the letters published in your paper regarding the making of wholemeal bread I notice one in which the writer advocates the use of German yeast, and I should like to be permitted to say that the best yeast in use at the present time is not German yeast at all, but is made in our own country.

It is quite true that there is still a certain amount of foreign yeast used in England, but it cannot be too widely known that British people can get any amount of yeast of British manufacture that is infinitely superior to the great majority of foreign makes. WM. C. BAILEY.  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

#### TOO MANY COLLECTIONS.

You hit the right nail on the head, for the collections are interminable. A worshipper is not long seated, thinking in God's House of anything but Mammon, when either a bag or a plate is placed before him.

Yes, sir. The grubbing after money in this way in God's House is overdue. My advice to the wardens is: Be financially sound parochially—home first, before collecting for outside missions and things. It is nothing but give, give, give, and no wonder that the attendances, of the artisan class especially, are noticeably small, for many there are who think that all they are required in church for is to produce money. SIDESMAN.  
Chester.

#### HOW TO PREVENT ROUGH COLLARS.

I have often had the same experiences as have "C. J. S. and C. G." in regard to my rough-edged collars after coming from the laundry, and a remedy of my own invention has been invariably to rub the edges well with a wax vesta or a wax candle. By doing this the comfort is surprising. WESTON, Bath.

HARRY DURSTON.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 20.—The beauty of the garden lingers on, the beauty, it almost seems, of the whole year. Great joys are ours as we tread each sunny and flowery way, picking double violets and polyanthes, blue spikes of larkspur, stray bell-flowers, the splendid late roses, indexing the three seasons. Swallows still flit through the cool September sunshine, while thrushes and starlings can now be seen seeking out the first autumn berries.

"But the great wind will soon roll up from the south; only a few more dreamy days remain. E. F. T.

### BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.



Civilised men are adopting strange combinations of fruit diet and fresh-air cure. Why do they not frankly return to the ways of their ancestors, as shown in the bottom picture?

Perhaps it was nervousness which mainly prevented him from gaining the seat. At one of the meetings, as he stepped forward to speak, he was suddenly taken ill and fainted dead away on the platform.

Prince Louis Napoleon, who has just gone through the unpleasant experience of being fired at by a fanatic, is considered by many French politicians the only candidate to the throne of France who has ever had a chance of success. The Prince is a soldier, always a recommendation in the eyes of Frenchmen. He is slim, well-built, less of a functionary and a bourgeois than his brother Prince Victor, who lives in Brussels, and arouses that terribly sensitive sense of ridicule which his countrymen possess by taking up an absurdly Napoleonic pose. Prince Louis's more disdainful, distant attitude has always been admired in France.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller must be relieved to find that his wig is at present the subject of so much small talk in America. Before people had the wit to think about them they were getting into an uncomfortably hostile mood towards the richest man in the world. His immense gifts were beginning to be refused; his "commercial brigandage" was being anathematised from pulpits and platforms; and, as a result of it all, the extraordinary little person was becoming more restless, more furtive, more subdued in his movements than usual. He

for us. Beyond his perpetual restlessness he rarely shows any emotion. Yet in Miss Tarbell's book occurs a description of his behaviour when a report came that one of his buyers had secured a cargo of oil "at a figure much below the market price." At that glorious news Mr. Rockefeller, according to his partner, Mr. Clark, "bounded from his chair with a shout of joy, danced up and down, hugged me, threw up his hat, and acted so like a madman that I have never forgotten it."

The name of Lefroy has by now become firmly fixed in the mind of the public as associated with the most plain-spoken condemnation of abuses. First, there is Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, who has just recommended conscription as a remedy for national decadence. Every now and again, during the whole of last year, the Dean's voice sounded over society crushing one of the latest crazes in no uncertain words. Bridge was attacked first—or, at least, the abuse of it—and, secondly, flirting in church, on which subject the Dean was distinctly amusing.

He waited till a favourable moment, when Norwich Cathedral was regrettably scattered with giggling young women and young men, all in their Sunday best, and they, surveying them all in a paternal way, he said: "I ask you all to pray that those dear young people may not come here to flirt." Immediately an embarrassing pause, and





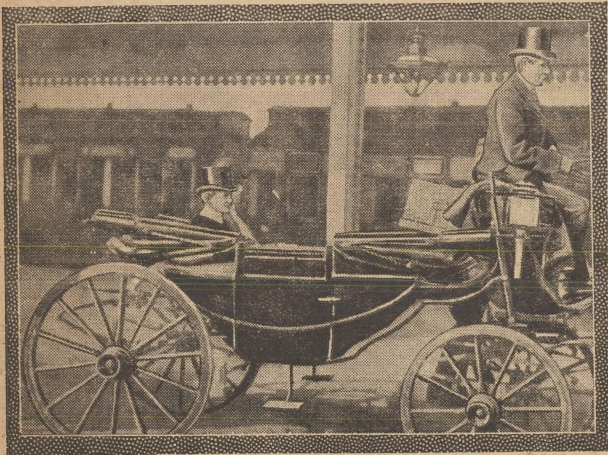
### THREE FREE DAYS AT



### THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR



#### ARRIVAL OF A "NEW BOY" AT ETON.



The Christmas term at Eton opened yesterday under the headmastership of Canon Lyttelton. One hundred and ten new boys went down. Most of them wore straw hats, with their Eton jackets, but the wiser had the regulation "topper," and one innocent "new" committed the almost criminal offence of wearing a bowler or "pot" hat.

#### IMMORTALISED PIGMY.



Mr. Gascombe John, A.R.A., the sculptor, has just completed a life-sized head of Bokani, the chief of the pigmies, the strange race of little people discovered by Colonel Harrison in Africa.

#### TO-DAY'S



Miss Mildred Clayton, daughter of the Rev. Prebendary Clayton, and niece of Lord Windsor, who will be married to-day to—

#### SIoux CHIEF'S DEATH.



Rain-in-the-Face, the last of the great Sioux chiefs, who led the massacre which resulted in General Custer's death, has just died.

#### OUT WITH THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT.



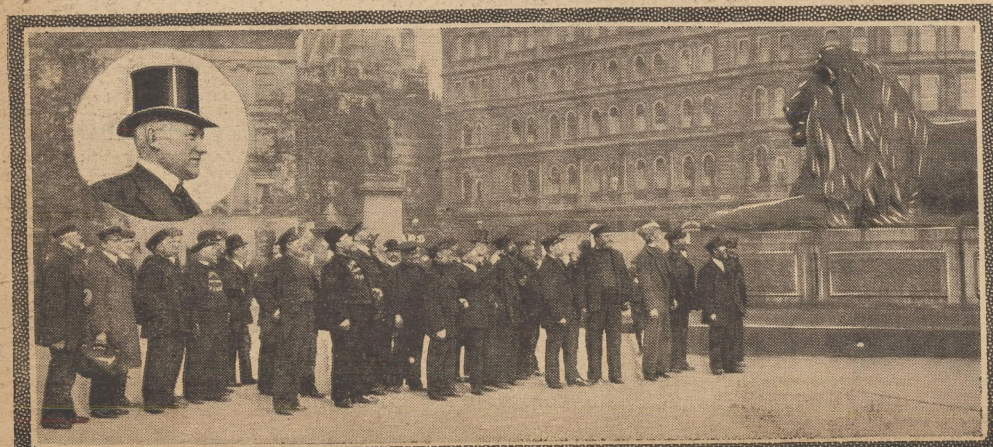
The Fitzwilliam hounds have had a very successful season so far, thirty-eight cubs having been killed. The photograph, which was taken after a recent run, shows Will Barnard, the huntsman, holding the fox from the hounds.

#### THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



Among those who have taken part of Connaught. His Royal Highness to be a mere spectator, but rode French's staff. The second picture consequence of an accident which these guns

#### GORLESTON LIFEBOATMEN IN LONDON.



The crew of the famous Gorleston lifeboat, which has saved so many lives, have just spent a pleasant day in London at the invitation of Mr. Frank Fell, Conservative candidate for Yarmouth. The photograph depicts them being shown Trafalgar-square and the Nelson statue. The small inset is of Mr. Fell.



# "DAILY MIRROR" READERS

To-day, To-morrow and Saturday.

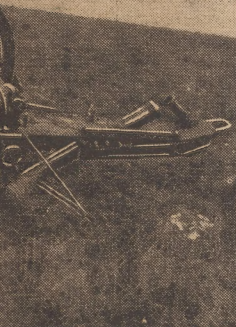
DDING.

LONDON'S GREATEST PLEASURE RESORT, CRYSTAL PALACE, FREE TO-DAY.

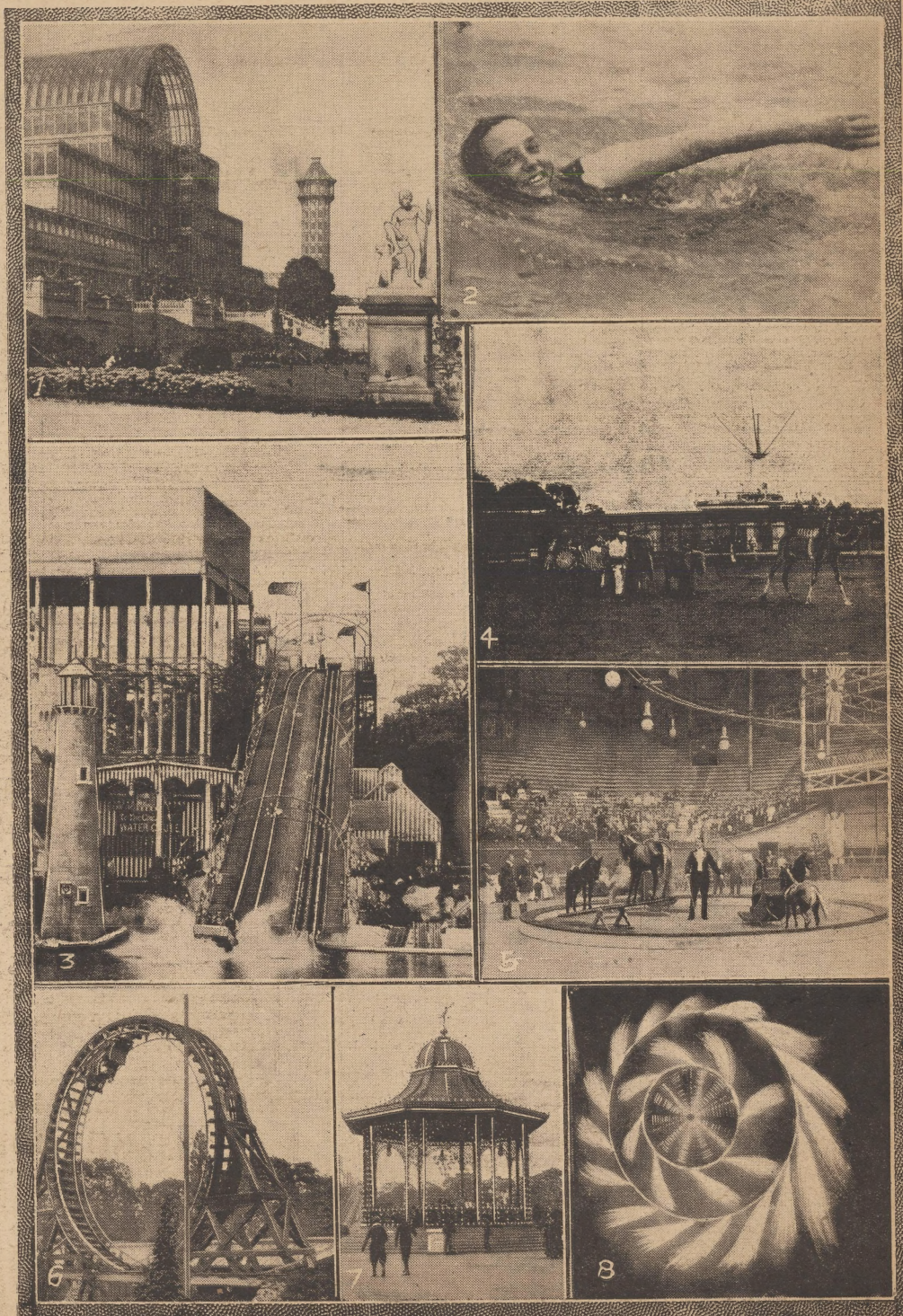


Mr. George Fitzmaurice Montgomery, son of the late Mr. Hugh Montgomery, and nephew of the Earl of Powis, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

AT THE MANOEUVRES.



in the cavalry manoeuvres is the Duke in the photograph, was not content to point with members of Sir John Z Battery gun, put out of action in the general opinion that the wheels of recently strong.



To-day, to-morrow, and Saturday, by merely cutting out the coupon on the front page, you can obtain free admission to the Crystal Palace. It is impossible to see all in one day, for the photographs above represent but a fraction of the sights. Miss Annette Kellermann (seen in the second photograph), the finest lady swimmer in the world, after her great triumph and stupendous ovation in Paris, has been specially engaged. The third photograph shows the ever-popular chute; the fourth, the animals in the Somali camp; the fifth, Brammell's remarkable performing ponies; the sixth, the topsy-turvy railway; Coney Island's greatest sensation; the seventh, one of the many military bands which will play at various times; and, finally, the eighth is an earnest of the magnificent displays of fireworks which Messrs. Brock are preparing.



# ALL THAT A MAN HATH. Tired, Languid Feelings.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"To dare is often half the job of doing."

"Then I may stay," asked Fay presently.  
"Stay, Geliebte!" And the Grand Duke laughed his indescribably captivating laugh. "Do you not bring a ray of light? Do we refuse the sun's light, when it shines on us in winter? But it is for you to think well, of the darkness here, of the dullness."  
"You do not go to the south of France?" she asked quickly.

He shook his head.  
"Not now. All is altered." He turned his head away.

"When—" she moistened her dry lips—"when is it to be the marriage?"

"A week before Christmas."

So soon. Barely two short months she would have him all to herself, without other tie, without other claim upon him. And then—ah, it would never be the same. After all, Prince and peasant, both are men, and the woman on a man's right hand must claim the major portion of his life; never the woman on his left. It was inevitable.

"What she is like," she whispered, "the Princess Otilie?"

"She is so young," he answered, "that one doesn't know what she is like."

"Is she pretty?" There was something infinitely pathetic in the simple question, and the melancholy glance, half of fear, half of sad amusement at her own folly.

"Very pretty," he answered frankly. "In appearance she greatly resembles your young Princesses of Munster, whom I found so charming when I stayed last at Windsor."

"And is she nice?"

"I think so. I should say, very nice. She is very fond of horses and outdoor life, and very frank and girlish in her manner. But did you not see her, dearest? She stayed for a long time with my mother in the spring."

"I know," said Fay. "But, don't you remember, at that time I was with the Zittersfelds in Silesia."

"Ah yes, as if I could forget that time, when you were away from me—in Vienna, in Russia. How jealous I was, how full of fear lest you should not think of me every moment of the day."

"You need not have been afraid, Carlo. And it was the Emperor who chose the Princess Otilie for you?"

He nodded gloomily.

"The Emperor told me long ago that she was the bride destined for me," he said slowly. "He laid particular stress on the fact that her mother was a Magyar Princess. I don't know why. Three months ago, you remember, I was summoned to Berlin; it was then that the Kaiser declared his urgent wish that the marriage should be hurried on." He shrugged his shoulders. "I knew it had to be—some time or other. What could I do but consent? I thought he was rather strange in his manner to me—my Imperial cousin. He seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts throughout our interviews, and he looked at me with his piercing eyes, as if he would turn me inside out. But, then, he is always planning great things, and it may have been nothing out of the ordinary. After all, what does it matter who the bride is? Whoever she was, she would be welcome. Let us forget about poor little Otilie."

My dearest. She is a puppet, just as I am. Who knows that she has not given her heart to some brave fellow? I am a little sorry for her; but I do not want to talk about her. She can never be anything to me—anything more than my official wife. I want to think of you—only you, my dearest, in these few weeks of freedom that remain. And it is you I want to talk about. What is your life going to be? How are you going to support the boredom of this place?" she asked, smiling.

"Ah, but, dearest, that was different," he put in quickly, his swift-working brain having instantly taken in the full meaning of her altered position.

"Before, you marvellously managed your double life. Here, only, were you my little Gräfin; in the world you were Miss Swindover, the beautiful, clever, and rich English girl, with your secret safely guarded—so well guarded that nobody to this day knows it but those few faithful servants whom you can trust, and, if we can't trust, we can bribe. Think, Gräfin, how different it was! You lived ostensibly with Frau von Zittersfeld; you were the spoiled and counted and flattered favourite of society here in our little Mirmont, in Berlin, in Vienna—everywhere you went. All the hours that we spent here we stole right under people's noses, and how we laughed at them for being so blind! Think now—you cannot go into the world as Miss Swindover. The story of your disappearance must be all over Europe before very long; no doubt, the most skilful police in the world are hunting you now; no doubt, your father has offered a gigantic reward. As the Gräfin von Ludwigsruhe you can equally not go out into the world, because too many people know you as Miss Swindover. Do you not see, Geliebte, what an impasse it is? By the way—his handsome face grew graver even than before—"what about your friends? You did not, of course, inform them of your double marriage?"

"I did the most foolish thing in the world," she answered. "Remember, Carlo, I was firmly determined to take my life. Just after my engagement to Mr. Dangerville was announced I went and

stayed with Adele von Zittersfeld for a few days in Silesia. She has been very ill, and was a prisoner at the Schloss. I told her of my approaching marriage. She was most disappointed that she could not come to England for the ceremony. But—always remember I thought I was going to die—I longed to see some of my other friends again, and several were invited."

The Grand Duke gave a little cry of horror.

"And came?"

"And came." She named the people, and, with every word, he looked more disconcerted.

"How unwise that was, Geliebte! See how you have narrowed your world! If you had not asked them, they might never have heard of your marriage, or, reading of it, might have thought and been led to believe that it was another person of the same name. But now, it seems, you cannot go to Vienna, or Pesth, or Berlin without great danger of being recognised."

"I don't want to go to Vienna, or Pesth, or Berlin," said Fay.

"There is no one in Mirmont who was asked to the wedding?"

"No. But Adele von Zittersfeld knows that it took place. And she will return. She is my greatest friend." She hesitated a moment. "Carlo, do you think that perhaps I could trust her?"

"You might," he said doubtfully. "She may be trustworthy, but one never knows."

"Then I will not attempt it."

"But you," he went on, still silent on laying before her the absolute isolation to which she had doomed herself, "you will not even be able to see your friends in Mirmont."

"I don't want to see my friends in Mirmont, Carlo. I am sufficiently far away here for them to be likely to come across me."

Ludwigsruhe is your private property; no one ever hears of it. If they find out that there is a woman living here they will think—well, they will think—"

"It is just that which drives me mad," he cried, "what they will think."

"Never mind, Carlo." Suddenly she looked up at him with a searching glance. "Carlo, if I am discovered, after all, what will happen? If these skilful policemen find me, if a reward sufficiently large is offered to tempt people to an unceasing search?"

"Well," he said, "the truth will be discovered."

She shivered a little.

"What is the punishment for bigamy in England, Carlo?"

"My dearest, there would be nothing of that. The thing would be hushed up, glossed over, but the truth would come out. These newspaper men are omnivorous—nothing is sacred to them. Your position would be made clear to the world; it would be known that you are marriedmorganatically to me. Of course, there would be no more need for concealment; you would go about openly in the world among your friends. You could call yourself by your name and title openly; but—"

"But you would be angry, Carlo," she said humbly. "Of course, on account of the Princess Otilie and the Emperor—"

"On account of you and you only, my dearest," he answered emphatically. "You only count—that is the truth. You are my first care; you will always be. I don't care a pin about poor little Otilie, or a fig about the Emperor. It is because it is not a happy position to occupy that I dread letting the world into our secret; because it is a position unworthy of you, because you do not understand quite how it would be, if it were known. There are things that I cannot explain, little things in themselves, little slights that would be put upon you, little annoyances, vulgar curiosity, veiled allusions in the Press—all sorts of things to which it would be most painful to me to think that you were exposed."

"How good and dear you are, Carlo," she murmured gratefully. "But the world shall not know our beautiful secret. We will guard it more jealously even than before. I will take the greatest precautions. No one shall see me; I promise that no one shall find out who I am."

"But my dear darling, you will have to bury yourself!"

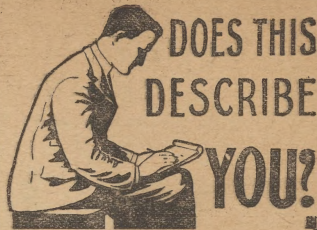
"Then I will bury myself. I do not mind. If you will come—sometimes."

"As often as I possibly can—you know that. Unfortunately, there are festivities, balls, concerts, theatricals, Heaven knows what! And all so boring when I only want to be with you."

"Come as often as you can," she whispered, and a sudden spasm of anguish convulsed her delicate face. "There is so little time—before—before—"

She did not finish the sentence. She could not. It was too horrible, that prospect; it did not bear thinking about. She was a woman, and she loved this man wholly, entirely, without a single reservation. She had found heaven in his arms. That he was a Prince made him no less her husband, her mate, the one heart destined from all eternity to beat in time with hers; it made it no less intolerable that she must share him with another woman, even though it was for a reason of policy and State. She might be his true wife, his heart's mate for ever; in another world, some shadowy sphere, where all men are equal, he might clasp her by the hand, and pass the Princess Otilie by. But that was no comfort; it made the torture all the keener. The other woman would be his wife in the eyes of the world, she would be the mother of the son who would reign after him, when the little span of human life was over, when true wife and

(Continued on page 13.)



Thousands who have been cured by Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills suffered from one or more of these symptoms:

INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, SICKNESS, WIND, ACIDITY, BLOATING, FULLNESS, LIVER COMPLAINT, SPASMS, PAINS ROUND THE HEART, CONSTIPATION, DIZZINESS, PAINS IN THE LOINS, DEBILITY, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, BRAIN FOG, etc.

If you are affected in a similar way, Dr. Scott's Pills will surely do for you what they have been doing for others. Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Blood come equally within the scope of their curative powers. Poisonous matters are removed; the activity of the system restored; declining vitality stimulated; hearty, robust health recovered. This is not fiction, but fact!

Dr. Scott's Pills will make a new being of you. Try them to-day and give your verdict to-morrow.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/11 & 2/0 per Box, sent up in a green wrapper.

NOTE THAT.



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BULBS.—500 selected Bulbs, including 25 potting hyacinths, 30 grape hyacinths, 40 tulips, 40 daffodils, narcissus, lilies, snowdrops, anemones, crocus, etc., sent free on rail 5s., or sample hundred for 1s. 11d.—Imperial Supply Stores, 412, Crompton-st., Walworth, London.

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## Whole of Stock Must Be Cleared.

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£10 -	-	6 0
£20 -	-	11 0
£50 -	-	£1 8 0
£100 -	-	2 5 0
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## NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED.

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## MIDLAND FURNISHING CO.



# HOW TO GET TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO-DAY.



Many people think the Crystal Palace is obscure to reach. It is not. It is possible and easy to get there from any terminus in London, as the above map clearly shows. (Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of the A.E.C. Railway Guide.)

## SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

### Spick-and-Span Clubland.

One is thankful to find that the uncomfortable period when one's club is in the hands of the painters and decorators is practically over for another year. Certain clubs, however, are still closed to their members, among them the United Service, Brooks's, the Orleans and Whites, the United Universities, the Guards', Pratt's, and the Raleigh.

### Tenacity of Bulldogs.

Bulldogs, which have been seen in such formidable array at the Crystal Palace during the past two days, are happily no longer bred for the brutal sport of bull-baiting, but they still retain the obstinacy which usually gained them the victory in such contests. The bulldog differs from other dogs in giving no warning of its attack by preliminary barking, and when once it has fixed its teeth into the object of attack no amount of torture will cause it to relax its hold.

### The "Daily Mirror" At Home.

The Crystal Palace, the scene of the unexampled enterprise organised by the *Daily Mirror*, celebrated its jubilee on June 10 last year.

Few of the present generation can recall the great doings at its opening on June 10, 1854, when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the present King—then Prince of Wales—and the King of Portugal, was present. The late Queen afterwards wrote of the occasion as a glorious and touching sight, "one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country."

### Scottish "Asot."

Time was when the Ayr Cup, which will be run for at the Western meeting to-day, was regarded by Scotsmen as the first race in the world, and the equine heroes and heroines who were victorious in it were deemed to have acquired more glorious fame than even Epsom or Newmarket could confer. The Western meeting at Ayr is to

Scotland what Asot is to England. It was on this most picturesque course that the Earl of Eglinton, whose famous tournament at Eglinton Castle made his first successes as a racehorse owner.

### Dahlia Roots as a Dainty.

The roots of dahlias, which have developed so greatly in recent years, and were to be seen yesterday in amazing variety at the London Dahlia Union's Exhibition, were at one time regarded as a desirable dish for the table in France. But, owing to their acrid flavour, they did not retain their popularity as an esculent for long. The flower first received the attention of horticulturists in this country at the beginning of the last century. The flower, which at the time of the first introduction was single, with a yellow disc and dull scarlet rays, has since then been cultivated almost out of recognition.

### Stone-Throwing Contests.

Whether Miss Alice Roosevelt will witness while she is in Korea the national game of that country is doubtful, but if she does the vigorous baseball contests of her own country will become tame by comparison. The Korean national game is stone fights. A war correspondent who has recently returned from the Far East on one occasion discovered on the outskirts of Seoul some two or three hundred men actively engaged in throwing stones at each other with murderous intent. Ranged in two irregular lines facing each other, they kept up an increasing fusillade of stones. But such was the agility of the combatants in dodging the missiles that only occasionally was anyone hit, and the majority of those engaged left the "field of battle" with no more injury than the ordinary footballer after a match.

## "East End—West End,"

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

Grand New Serial dealing with the Under-life of London from East End to West End.

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**Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.**  
It quickly changes gray or white hair to its natural colour. A perfect hair dressing, delicately perfumed. It is in use for over 25 years throughout the world. NEVER FAILS.

At this advt. cut and send it together with P.O. or stamp 4s. to 114, Southampton Row London and a FULL-SIZE LARGE BOTTLE will be sent CARRIAGE PAID anywhere in the United Kingdom.

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The best generated by the "Syphon" Stove is Absolutely Pure. No Fumes or Smell can pass into the apartment. All products of combustion are rendered innocuous by automatic action within the stove. Pure Heated Air only being emitted. No Fume required.

SUPPLIED TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Of all Ironmongers, Stores, Gas Companies, or S. CLARK and CO., Messrs. Compton Works, Canterbury Road, Highbury, London, N. Showrooms: 58, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Send Postcard for Descriptive Booklet Y64.

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Patented. This machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines, and is lighter, more compact, more powerful, and more reliable. It works at great speed. It has no complicated mechanism, and is therefore easy to use. It is made of the best materials equally as well. Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6s. 1/-, two for 12s. Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets.

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Have Absolutely Pure Cocoa

It costs you nothing extra save remembering to say

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## EDUCATIONAL.

POSTAL lessons in Bookkeeping, free low; (set-book and stationery provided)—11, 25, Cressida-rd., Whitehall Park, London.







## BEAUTY IN THE AUTUMN—AN EXPERT'S ADVICE AND HOW TO FOLLOW IT.

## THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

## SOME OF THE ILLS SEPTEMBER BRINGS.

"On a pouring wet afternoon, with a keen wind blowing to make climatic conditions still more uncomfortable, Belinda came in from her daily walk and entered Mrs. Templar's sitting-room.

"It feels like an autumn day," she said, taking off her hat and smoothing her rebellious locks. "The wind and the rain are omnipotent. Don't you consider that, on the whole, autumn is the worst season for the complexion?"

Mrs. Templar smiled. "Each season has its drawbacks, but I am ready to admit that autumn is a very trying time for delicate complexions. It is the season when one has to think about buying thicker veils to protect the face and of compounding special unguents to soothe the chafed skin."

"I met Beatrice Forrester this afternoon, and her face really looked as if it had been rubbed with a nutmeg grater. The skin was rough and sore-looking, and her cheeks were a most unbecoming red. I told her I would ask you what she could do to get her face into a proper condition."

Mrs. Templar handed Belinda a cup of tea.

## Penalty of Thoughtlessness.

"Beatrice once told me she washed her face every day in hard, cold water," Mrs. Templar remarked, "and didn't see why she should trouble to take any special pains about her complexion. I suppose she is now paying the penalty for her thoughtlessness."

"I used to share her opinions," remarked Belinda, "but, though my skin reddened slightly from the wind and biting rain, it has not chapped."

"Tell Beatrice, first of all, she must either use distilled water, rain-water, or barley-water for her skin," remarked Mrs. Templar. "And I should imagine that it would suit her special texture of complexion to bathe it every night in the following liquid: Boil a cupful of bran in a pint of water, and let it simmer until the quantity is reduced by half. Then strain it either through muslin or a sieve, and add one or two drops of carbolio oil."

"And how often must this be made?" asked Belinda.

"Once in every three days, and it should be used night and morning," replied Mrs. Templar. "I have known complexions change for the better, even in the course of a few days after the use of this bran and carbolio oil treatment. The face must be wiped very carefully after the washing, and if boracic acid powder suits the skin, a dusting of it should be applied."

## To Cure a Red Nose.

"I must say that Beatrice was also suffering from a very red nose," remarked Belinda. "She was very conscious of it, and asked me if I could recommend her anything to conceal it."

"A lotion that has been highly recommended to me for this purpose consists of four drachms of prepared calamine, two drachms of oxide of zinc, one drachm of resorcin, two drachms of glycerine, eight drachms of rosewater, three-quarters of a grain of carmine, and one drop of liquor of ammonia. This must be well mixed and applied with a soft linen rag to the nose."

Belinda looked reflectively at the cheerful fire glowing in the grate.

"You once gave me an excellent recipe for

cucumber milk, which I promised to send to Beatrice, but forgot all about it. Wouldn't that be a good lotion to use during the autumn?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Templar, "and I will give you another formula equally as good."

Belinda produced her note-book and prepared to write.

"An excellent cucumber milk is prepared by slicing, without peeling, four large cucumbers. Add a cupful of water to them, and boil them till they are soft. Then to one and a half ounces of

oil of sweet almonds, twenty drops of tincture of benzoin, and a pinch of boracic acid."

"Autumn seems the time for all sorts of ills to the flesh," said Belinda. "A question that mother sent me this morning was on the subject of baths for rheumatism. Can you give her a hint on this topic?"

"One of my friends says she has found great relief by using the following mixture in her bath: Take one pint of good table salt, spread it in the bath, add some powdered borax and about half the quantity of bran and half a pint of vinegar. The bath must be filled with boiling water and then allowed to cool to a tepid temperature."

"And at the same time could you give me a good embrocation for rubbing mother's neck?" asked Belinda. "She suffers very much from muscular rheumatism."

"An embrocation that is excellent for rheumatism and also for applying to bruises and sprains, is made by beating up the yolk of an egg with three ounces of water. Pour it into a large bottle and add three ounces of turpentine and three ounces of acetic acid. Bathe the affected parts with warm water and then rub in the embrocation."

(To be continued.)

## AN EVENING COAT.

## EMPIRE MODEL OF THE LATEST AUTUMN TYPE.

The evening coat depicted on this page is sure to tempt the home dressmaker to deeds of prowess because of its manifold attractions, and also because a pattern of it that is lucidity itself can be purchased.

Nothing is more smart this autumn than the Empire vogue for the evening coat, of which this pattern is a very charming variety. It would be ideal if carried out in soft satin, under which circumstances twelve and a half yards would be required of twenty-two-inch material, but cashmere or suede cloth of a double width would also be an excellent choice, and only six and a half yards would be needed.

It will be perceived when the pattern is examined that there are four gores in the skirt, and that a little bodice is added beneath the fulness so that charmingly furnishes the sleeves, to give substance to the wrap and take the weight off the collar,



A beautiful evening coat, for which a paper pattern is issued.

juice add an equal proportion of alcohol and a quarter of an ounce of powdered Castile soap. This must stand for twenty-four hours."

"Is that all?" asked Belinda.

"Not quite," said Mrs. Templar. "Now add to it eight ounces of cucumber juice, one ounce

which, by the way, may be made of velvet or lace instead of fur, if preferred.

No. 32.—Flat paper pattern, 1s. 0d.; or tacked up, including flat, 2s. 0d. Write to the *Daily Mirror* Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

sham wife who shared his throne and the man himself were dead.

"And you are sure?" she went in low, passionate tones, "you are quite sure that I am enough, that for the little, the heart-breaking little that I can give you, you are willing to hide yourself, to imprison yourself, to exile yourself! Oh, my dearest, how can I ever repay you?"

"I am more than willing," she answered, with the dog-like and nimble tenderness that seemed to come so strangely from her. "It is the life I choose out of all the other lives that I might live. Always remember that, Carlo; this is my free choice. And we will be happy!" She forced her voice into a lighter note; she laughed and stroked his hand, and laid her cheek on it. "We will forget all that might make us sad. We will live our secret life, Carlo, just like we did at first, when not a soul, not even a servant, knew our secret. Oh, Carlo, if I had died, as I meant to last week, those days when I first knew that you loved me would have made my life worth living. Do you remember the first day we met, Carlo?"

"Could I forget it?" he asked. "Did my eyes not find out your face out of all the throng of people in those hot and stifling rooms at Monte Carlo? Shall I ever forget how dull and bored I was, surrounded by all those foolish, greedy people! Suddenly I looked up, and across the table I saw your face. And just then your companion nudged you and looked at me. I knew that he recognised me and was telling you who I was. And you looked at me, not with the vulgar, gaping curiosity that makes one with one were a treading-scraper, but with such a grave, steady, reproachful look, as if you were saying, 'Surely you might find something better to do than haunt a gaming table.'"

"That was precisely what I was thinking," interrupted Fay.

"And then," he went on, "everything ceased to exist for me, the hot, gilded room, and the man dealing the cards, and the greedy people raking in their money—I only saw you, Geliebte—and I said to myself—that is the one woman out of all the world whom I can love. I moved round to your side of the table, but before I had reached the spot where you had stood, you had vanished. I scoured the rooms for you, but in vain. And then, the same evening, I dined with Frau von Zittersfeld, and, joy of joys! you were one of the party."

He smiled into her eyes. "Now, ask me, dearest, if I remember the first day we met."

"And ever since," she said softly, "it has been like a dream—a dream of happiness. And now it will so soon—so very soon be over." She buried her face in her hands. The Grand Duke sat silent, stroking her hair. What could he say? It was a situation in which the most delicate, the subtlest word was as coarse, as harsh, as cruel as a blow. But she recovered herself almost immediately. She looked up and smiled; she meant to show him a bright face to the end. She had not come to reproach him, but to share with him what happiness was left.

So they sat on for a little while and wove their skeins of reminiscences, like a rope of pearls, each episode round and perfect and without a flaw, like jewels studding the chain of life. "Do you remember this?" or "What a lovely day was that!" or "How we laughed that day at—!" and "How nearly we got caught that other day at—!" But soon he lifted her to her feet, and rose himself.

My dearest, I must go. I shall come again—ah, you know, as soon as ever I can. To-morrow—no, the next day—I am afraid—oh, dearest!" He looked at her hopelessly.

"I shall know," she said, with a slow, brave

smile, "that you are always wanting to come. That is enough. Don't worry, my Carlo!"

His face had cleared like magic.

"What if next week I could manage to go to the Wildsprung, with just an equeury, and you could join me there for a few days. Eh, Geliebte, do you think these two poor children can match a holiday? I could take General von Strahlenfeld; he is in the secret, anyway, and he is a dear old boy. And the poor little Ottilie ends her visit to my mother on Thursday. I will try my very best."

"Oh, that would be splendid, splendid," cried Fay, clapping her hands. "Just you and me alone in the mountains! How magnificent!"

He pressed her close to his breast.

"I will let you know. Good-night, my dearest. Auf wiedersehen!"

"Good-night, Carlo." She laughed a little wildly, a little hysterically, as he kissed her. "Oh, how glad I am—how glad I did not die!"

"Don't speak of it!" he muttered hoarsely.

"Don't think of it any more."

Another moment, a last kiss, and he was gone, and downstairs the discreet butler muffled the gay young soldier form in his long cloak, handed him his busby with the tall osprey, and bowed his portly figure to the ground.

And the Grand Duke drove back through the streets of his sleepy city to one of the side entrances of his palace; and a few belated citizens, happening to stand at a corner of the street, as the great, dark, little brougham turned sharply round, had a good view of its occupant, and, if they recognised him—well, they did not say anything, but they looked at each other and smiled. But it was a benevolent smile, for, if their Prince had his little weaknesses, like lesser men, well, was he not young, and was he not going soon, very soon, to marry and settle down.

(To be continued.)

## Write to-day

for a free copy

of a handsomely illustrated booklet about the famous

## Ellico Underwear

It tells you the history of this well-known Scotch Underwear. It gives you an idea of the garments from actual sketches of them. It gives you prices. Most good drapers and outfitters can supply you. As the "nippy" frosty and worsted than frosty, the damp weather comes on an investment in good underwear will save your health and keep you out of danger and the doctor's care.

Just send a post card to-day to

Elliot of Hawick, N.B.

Manufacturers of "Ellico" Underwear.

A good draper doesn't offer, and a woman who knows doesn't use any other but Milward's Needles.

The world's best for nearly 200 years.

Ladies!

To-day let's talk Corsets. Do you know real Greenland Whalebone costs over three thousand pounds a ton?

How much then of good Whalebone can be in your Corsets whatever price you pay?

Naturally the manufacturers have had to search the world over for a perfectly satisfactory substitute for Whalebone.

There is only one.

Hercules Patent Corset Steels.

Unbreakable. Unrustable.

So pliable yet so supporting as to insure luxurious corset comfort.

Ask me for a Free Sample Pair.

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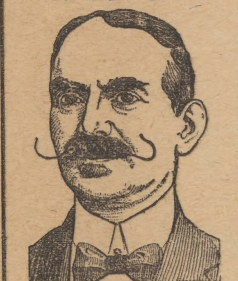
# "Hair Grown on Heads which Bald for Years"

This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of commendatory letters which have reached me. I have culled a few such letters from my extensive files, and invite your perusal. They are all genuine,

and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. I have omitted to print the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London Office. To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.

## READ THESE REMARKABLE LETTERS:—

### New Hair at 53.



**4295 NEW HAIR AFTER 7 YEARS.**  
Salford, Manchester.  
Dear Sir—Your letter to hand. No one could have more faith than I in your hair grower. The Trial Box has already done much good, one can see new hair already. My hair has been off for seven years. If your pomade brings my hair on it will advertise itself. I am telling all my friends about it.  
**5489 "BALD AS A BILLIARD BALL."**  
Burnley, Manchester.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I have tried many other preparations, and might as well have rubbed a lamp-post with them, but your preparation has actually caused my hair to grow within a week, though my head was almost as bald as a billiard ball.  
JAMES T. PEARSON (Engineer).

### Bald for 19 Years.

**10170 BALD FOR 19 YEARS.**  
Ester.  
Dear Sir—Enclosed please find postal order for three boxes of your hair preparation. The box I have used with success. I have been baldheaded for nineteen years, and the regular use of your preparation has commenced to make my hair grow, for which I am very thankful to you. My friends are all talking about my hair growing, being astonished, stick to it until my head is covered. Kindly send by return.  
H. WILLIS.

### Bald for 10 Years.

**14095 BALD FOR 10 YEARS.**  
Dacre Park, Blackheath, S.E.  
Dear Sir—Of your hair grower I must say that it is a complete success in my case. I am only just commencing the second box, and already my head is thickly covered with hair, and when I tell you that for nearly ten years the top of my head has been almost entirely bald, you will agree that that is very good. However, I thank you for these few words of appreciation, and I have already mentioned you to friends.  
SAM GEORGE WATTS.

### ACTED LIKE MAGIC.

**17182 ACTED LIKE MAGIC.**  
Portobello, Edinburgh.  
Dear Sir—I am delighted with the result of using your hair-growing pomade. For many years I have had great annoyance with my hair, I thought of trying your preparation, and my head can now boast of a plentiful covering. The thing has acted very much like magic.  
CATHERINE MCGREGOR.

### Bald as a Billiard Ball.

**5489 "BALD AS A BILLIARD BALL."**  
Burnley, Manchester.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I have tried many other preparations, and might as well have rubbed a lamp-post with them, but your preparation has actually caused my hair to grow within a week, though my head was almost as bald as a billiard ball.  
JAMES T. PEARSON (Engineer).

### Little Girl Bald 7 Years.

**4403 LITTLE GIRL BALD 7 YEARS.**  
Shipton-on-Stour.  
Sir—I am writing to tell you of the splendid results from using your hair grower. My little girl lost all her hair when she was between one and two years old, and for more than seven years was totally bald. I also have a boy younger whose hair commenced falling in exactly the same way. We tried every preparation for the hair that we heard of for quite seven years, without the slightest result, until I saw yours advertised. I am just using the large tin, and the boy's hair has stopped falling, and the patches are filling in. The little girl's head is almost entirely covered with strong brown hair; all over the front it is three or four inches long, but is slower growing at the back. I need scarcely tell you how delighted we are, and she is so pleased to have hair of her own that she takes her wig off and shows it to anyone who knew she was bald. She does not wear the wig much now, and will soon be able to do without it entirely. I have still one tin by me, but shall send for more when that is gone.  
S. J. HOLDEN.

### Bald for 30 Years.

**9413 BALD FOR 30 YEARS.**  
Bromsgrove.  
Dear Sir—I am pleased to tell you that my hair is now growing very nicely indeed again after being bald for over thirty years. I think it is one of the wonders of the day, and I am very proud to tell you that you can advertise this and show the public the value of your hair-growing formula qualities. For after I had tried many other things, that cost me I may say, pounds, every one had failed but yours.  
C. PRICE.

### Bald for Several Years.

**6071 BALD FOR SEVERAL YEARS.**  
Rotherhithe.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you kindly send me a box of your hair grower, for which I have been waiting for some time. I had a wonderful effect, for hair is now growing on the fore part of my head, which has been bald for so long. I will certainly recommend you at every opportunity.  
JOHN SANDERSON.

### Bald 35 Years.

**22108 BALD 35 YEARS.**  
Brighton.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I duly received your parcel on the 18th ult., and beg to say that after using your box of pomade twelve months was much surprised to find that a new growth was plainly apparent. The hair of a period of thirty-five years' baldness, is truly remarkable and very encouraging.  
ALFRED STEWART.

### Quite Long and Thick.



**10263 YOUNG GIRL BALD 5 YEARS.**  
Withington, Manchester.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am pleased to tell you that your pomade is simply marvellous. This is the case of a young girl, fifteen years of age, and bald for about five years. We were quite weary of trying remedies that did not do one bit of good, until we bought a box of yours, the effect of which I have told you.  
L. COFFEY.

### Bald for 12 Years.

**15420 BALD FOR 12 YEARS.**  
A well-known London Editor writes—  
Dear Sir—You may be interested in knowing that I have had a large patch for the last twelve years, and never imagined that my hair would grow on it. Last week, however, your advertisement appeared in my magazine, and curiosity prompted me to write you for a Trial Box of your preparation. Although quite sceptical, I used it for a few days, and before the tin was half empty, what was my surprise at finding a growth of hair almost covering the twelve-year-old bald patch. Now, I want you to let me have a large box to continue the treatment to a successful finale. I congratulate you on having introduced a hair grower which genuinely is a hair grower.

### Bald for 20 Years.

**3178 BALD FOR 20 YEARS.**  
Northcote-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Kindly forward me three boxes of your hair restorer. Am perfectly satisfied with the last I had; indeed, my hair has grown several inches, and I have been bald over twenty years.  
MR. JOHN COLES.

### Bald for Many Years.

**8257 BALD FOR MANY YEARS.**  
Boscombe.  
Dear Sir—After being bald the top of my head for many years, and gradually getting worse after trying so many preparations, I am very pleased to tell you that there is quite a growth of hair where I was quite bald. I am recommending it to all I know.  
M. SYM.

### Bald Since 14.

**7013 BALD SINCE 14.**  
Durham.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I received your hair grower all right, and have applied it according to instructions. I am very pleased to inform you that I find great improvement. I have been troubled with baldness for many years now, although I am only twenty-four. Slight improvement has been made since using your preparation to justify a full and proper trial. I am, therefore, forwarding S.D. for three boxes.  
J. P. BROWN.

### Young Girl Bald 5 Years.

**10263 YOUNG GIRL BALD 5 YEARS.**  
Withington, Manchester.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am pleased to tell you that your pomade is simply marvellous. This is the case of a young girl, fifteen years of age, and bald for about five years. We were quite weary of trying remedies that did not do one bit of good, until we bought a box of yours, the effect of which I have told you.  
L. COFFEY.

### Done More Than Any Other Remedy.

**DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.**  
Eastwood, Notts.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am very pleased indeed with your hair grower, and only wish that I could have had some of it years ago. I can safely say that your preparation has done more than any other I have ever used. I shall not forget to recommend your pomade to my friends.  
GEORGE NEWTON.

### New Hair After 12 Years.

**2092 NEW HAIR AFTER 12 YEARS.**  
South Benfleet, Essex.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you please forward me three boxes of your preparation? I am greatly pleased with the effects of the last box that I have used. After having lost my hair between twelve and fifteen years, I had, through using your preparation, that my hair is now beginning to show themselves, and the growth is proceeding most encouragingly.  
A. COOMBS.

### Hair Lost 14 Years Ago.

**9245 HAIR LOST 14 YEARS AGO.**  
New Shoreham.  
Dear Sir—Kindly send me three boxes of your preparation. The Trial Box you sent me has produced beyond my expectation, as I thought my hair would never come back again, but I am thankful to say there is a new growth of hair coming. I have been without hair on the top of my head about fourteen years or over. I think this result remarkable after all this time.  
G. DAW.

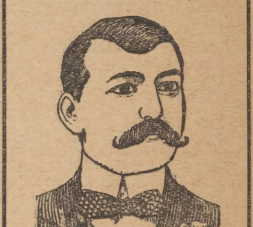
### New Hair After 15 Years.

**18021 NEW HAIR AFTER 15 YEARS.**  
Abbotts Langley, Herts.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—A few weeks since you kindly sent my wife a free sample of your hair-producing preparation. Well, that was for myself, and I do not mind telling you that I was somewhat prejudiced against such things, and at first would not use it. However, my wife persuaded me to try it. I have done so, and I can see a soft downy hair starting into growth where none existed before—namely, on the fore part of my head above the forehead. I am now sending you an order for more. My age is forty-one, and my hair began to weaken when I was twenty-five, and has since been gradually falling off.  
JOHN F. DAVIES.

### Exceedingly Pleased.

**7275 EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED.**  
Faisley.  
Dear Sir—I am exceedingly pleased to let you know that the tin of your preparation has been an entire success. The hair has started to grow on the top of my head at a rapid rate, where I have been quite bald for a good number of years. I am sure you will be as good a head of hair as ever I had.  
ALLAN SCOTT.

### I Was Quite Bald.



**"I Was Quite Bald."**  
Rotherhithe.  
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—After using one tin of your valuable compound I am more than pleased with the result. For six or six years my hair had been falling off, and I was quite bald. I can assure you that I spent many pounds in buying preparations which professed to cure, and had given up in despair until a friend sent me a sample tin of your true hair grower. I tried it. The result was so satisfactory that I purchased a large box, and as a result of its use, my hair is now growing splendidly. I am very sensitive upon the subject of baldness, and was accustomed to wear a cap at business, to cover the unsightly, but now don't mind, thanks to your hair-growing compound, as my head is now covered with hair.  
E. EDWARDS.

## DR. ANDREW NELSON ON INTERNAL HAIR REMEDIES.

### AN EMINENT OPINION.

With reference to the possibility of hair growth being influenced by drugs taken internally, the following opinion was expressed recently by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., in an article on "Care of the Hair," which I recommend to the notice of readers:—  
"Whatever improves the general health may incidentally improve the growth of the hair, but for the notion that any internal medicine can act specifically on the hair, either by destroying microbes which cause baldness, or in any other way, there is no justification whatever. Where hair growth has to be stimulated the direct application to the scalp of a suitable lotion or pomade constitutes the proper and only effective line of treatment."

## GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES

### GOOD FOR TEN DAYS TO READERS OF THE "DAILY MIRROR."

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and so that you can make a fair test, if you write to me within ten days from this date, I will send you a large TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps Only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

### EXPERT ADVICE TO CALLERS FREE.

Address—

**JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,**

27A, Craven House,  
Opposite British Museum,  
London.

## LARGE TRIAL BOX COUPON

"DAILY MIRROR," Sept. 21, 1905.

Good for 10 Days from Date.

Cut this out and enclose full name and address with six stamps to—  
**JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,**  
62, Opposite British Museum,  
London.



